

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year--May 23, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

IN A PERGOLA

By CLARENCE THOMAS URMY

Far in the west the glory of the day
Fades o'er a redwood forest banked by hills
Wherein a fairy sisterhood distils
The dew of dreams in valleys twilight-gray.
Come, dew of dreams, drift hitherward we pray,
Sweet anodyne for grief and kindred ills,
A benediction on the dusk that fills
This garden where dim ghosts of memory stray.

Through paths of poppy, palm and eglantine
They move in long processional and slow,
With smile and nod and kissing of their hands,
Then disappear in one long, sinuous line
Where through the purple of the afterglow
A white star beckons toward elysian lands.

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LOYAL and true are the readers of The Graphic. They do not always agree with the Editor's pronouncements, but they are convinced of his sincerity of purpose and they like that. Moreover, they enjoy the literary flavor of the special articles, chuckle over the free and easy comment contained in the By-The-Way department, dip into the art columns, keep in touch with the musicians of the city and what is doing in music, find in the dramatic columns intelligent and fearless criticisms, sane settings forth of what is of interest socially, have their interest whetted by the sprightly book reviews and gossipy book notes, and gain an insight into local financial institutions, stock valuations and bond transactions. In brief, the ethical as well as the political and financial sides of life are illuminated and presented in a manner devoid of garishness and buncombe.

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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER,
Editor and Publisher.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



TINSEL BAIT FOR WOMEN

BY ALL means let us have a woman candidate for lieutenant-governor on the Republican ticket. Of course, it is solely out of regard for the rights of women that that beau-ideal suffragist supporter, the Los Angeles Times, advances the suggestion. It finds the Progressive party strongly entrenched, feministically, and to weaken this solidarity proposes a woman candidate for the second place on the Republican ticket. Not that we love woman so much, it might add, but that we hate Johnson more and would dissipate his forces. If the suggestion had come from any other direction it would be received with greater acclaim but—beware the Greeks carrying gifts!

It is cheap trickery. The Republican party in the state, we will admit, needs to take advantage of every legitimate avenue that opens in order to march forward to Sacramento, but unless it has that within it which spells progress and inspires confidence it cannot hope for permanent political success. Handicapped by its Knowlands and its Otises its sphere of influence is necessarily restricted for how can it expect to attract recruits when its chief candidate for the high office of United States senator is one who wantonly offers insult to the President of the United States to serve his cheap, political purpose? A man who insinuates that the chief executive of the nation, honored by more than six million of voters for the highest office in their gift, is a traitor to their welfare; who curries favor with Great Britain by perpetrating a wrong to his own country. It is an infamous charge.

Not by taking so contemptible a type of politician to its bosom, so to speak, can the Republican party expect to grow in favor with those who have been weaned away from the organization in the past because of its unwise affiliations. There must be a purging from within and evidence of a desire to stand for the best men in the party rather than the most reprehensible before it can lure back the old adherents or win new ones. Apostrophes to the flag, references to the grand old party of Lincoln and similar strains of buncombe may do for the groundlings, but fool none of the thinking people.

Why is the call for a woman for lieutenant-governor made? It is a bid for votes, merely, a limed net to mesh the sisterhood. We doubt if the proposal will meet with any enthusiasm and largely because of the source whence it emanates. A paper that opposed equal suffrage, that has been a persistent traducer of women now pretends to be their champion and, by reason of its insincerity, wantonly insults womanhood by offering a bait. How grateful the good women of California must feel over this tentative proposal from a source so inimical to the sex in the past, a

reactionary whose precepts and traditions reveal its opposition to the principles with which the suffragists of California are so largely identified. What a low price the Los Angeles Times places on women's votes to imagine they can be purchased by so empty an honor as a figurehead lieutenant-governorship!

SIGNS OF MORAL AWAKENING

HELP! Here's a highly moral disquisition in one of the yellowest of yellow journals which purports to be gratified by signs of uplift in the tastes of the "general run of people" who are ceasing to be interested in "nasty plays, nasty pictures and nasty journals." With beatific emphasis this arrant humbug declares that "whatever smug pretexts of educating and uplifting the peddlers of nastiness may make, it can be depended upon that they are all after two things and two things only—notoriety and cash."

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Are we awake or dreaming? If ever a newspaper needed disinfectants applied to its pages—particularly its Sunday edition of banal hodge-podge—it is the Los Angeles yellow daily from which we take this highly entertaining excerpt:

We are greatly pleased to see the passing of this fad. There always must be a fad of some kind to amuse the public—political, social or religious. Another will take the place of this one. But at least we shall be able to pick up a book, magazine or newspaper without seeing every other page made offensive by detailed narratives of the life of the brothel or salacious discussion of sex relations.

Then follows this fervent ejaculation: "It certainly is high time the air was disinfected. It had become disagreeably foul of late." If there has been any greater factor than Mr. Hearst in helping to bring about the conditions he pretends to deplore and so rejoices to see passing we have been unable to discover such. The nastier the scandal, the greater the space devoted to it in his publications; whether in the divorce courts, on the stage, in the homes or in the slums sex quarrels and sex abnormalities have been seized upon by his subeditors as salacious servings for the daily columns. Is it possible that they have finally palled upon their chief purveyor? We shall believe it when the evidence is too indisputable to deny.

GEOGRAPHY AND THE GOVERNORSHIP

WHILE geography should cut a figure in the gubernatorial campaign, by aiding the candidate from Southern California, we do not assert and have never pretended that location was the sole arbiter. We have contended that as between the candidate from north of the Tehachapi and the one south of that natural divisional line, other things being equal, the aspirant from this side of the divide should be given the preference of voters because political equity demands that after sixteen years the nomination should, by general consent, come to Southern California. Of course, a desirable candidate is a *sine qua non*; we are not so foolish as to expect proper geographical inception to be the sole requisite for choice.

Yet we find the esteemed San Francisco Bulletin chiding us for suggesting that geography should have weight with the voters and by way of emphasizing the alleged absurdity of our position the Bulletin is found asserting: "It is just as good a premise to take the color of the candidate's hair as the criterion. California hasn't had a pink-haired governor since Portola discovered San Francisco Bay. California has never had a one-legged governor. California has never had a governor who could wiggle his ears or balance pennies on his nose. California has never had a governor whose ancestors came over in the

Mayflower. These are not fair distributions of the honors—if we follow Samuel T. Clover's logic—and are therefore fit subjects for protest."

Tut, tut! That is not reasoning, that is airy persiflage merely. In spite of the truth, as declared by our contemporary, that the governorship is not a spoil, geography in a state of magnificent distances such as ours, with the capital more than five hundred miles north of the southern metropolis, should cut ice at intervals, and this year, we insist, is one of the intervals. Of course, if we produce an indifferent candidate he deserves to be defeated—that is our lookout. But if we present an able man, of force and integrity and match him against a man of similar probity and character then the preference should go to our man by virtue of the fact that we have not seated a governor in the executive chair since Mr. Gage was nominated in 1892. If there is anything wrong with this premise we shall be glad to have our contemporary point it out fairly, not in a spirit of buffoonery. Southern California needs to be represented at Sacramento semi-occasionally, by a man of her own choosing. If we are to be a sovereign state, one and indivisible, such a concession is eminently the part of wisdom of our northern friends. It tends to good feeling and helps to keep buried the ghost of state division.

COLORADO'S ALLEGED GHOULISH MILITIA

LAW-AND-ORDER citizens in Colorado will be intensely relieved by the decision of the war department not to withdraw the federal troops from the strike districts in the Centennial State until the last vestige of trouble has disappeared and conditions there are at normal. It is to avoid the possibility of such a step that Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver is on his way to Washington to lay before the President and Secretary Garrison the true inwardness of the situation and the menace to the state that lurks in the vacation of the disaffected districts by the regulars.

Allowing for the Denver jurist's proneness to over-emphasis there is still little doubt that the details of the Ludlow affair are a shocking reproach upon twentieth century civilization. If the story had seeped in from Mexico all Christian America would have been properly horrified at the semi-savagery displayed. Yet here in our own country, in a highly-advanced community, where women have long enjoyed the full rights of citizenship, a series of atrocities is reported "equalled only," according to Judge Lindsey, "in the stories of the sacking of Rome, the pillaging of Carthage, and the inhumanities of the Balkan war. Colorado," he avers, "is sitting on the edge of a volcano. If the federal troops are withdrawn, there will be a war of reprisal too horrible to contemplate."

What puzzles the student of the strike tragedy at Ludlow is the ferocious attitude of the state militia as reported, it must be observed, by the strike sympathizers. Why should the citizen soldiers have taken such fiendish delight in committing bloody deeds beside which Nero's insatiate lust for cruelty seems negligible? Here are sample incidents—related by Judge Lindsey, who vouches for their authenticity: "A father went to a militia camp for his boy, who had been missing. He was saluted with the child's corpse. The boy's head had been shot off and the body half burned. A soldier threw it over a tent to the father, saying: 'Here, take the ———.' Mothers who went to rescue their babies were shot down and mutilated. Children only a few years old were killed. Barbarians in even the most unholy days could not have been more cruel than the militiamen at Ludlow."

Why? What was the impelling motive that turned

clerks, artisans, mechanics—the usual type of militiamen—into fiends? We shall want ample substantiation of the charges and hesitate to condemn the citizen soldiery for their alleged wantonness until proof, strong as Holy Writ, is furnished of their inhumanity. This is not to deny their authenticity, but the charges are so sweeping, so terribly reflective on what should constitute the flower of Colorado—its state militiamen—that we refuse to give full credence to the *ex parte* statements that make of them worse than brutes—ghouls!

If the militia on guard at Ludlow and its vicinity was composed of armed men, paid not by the state, but by the companies whose properties they were patrolling and defending, the lack of discipline reported and the reprehensible conduct charged are better understood. They were not soldiers nor yet citizens in that case, but Hessians, hired to do dirty work and having little or no regard for the decencies. It may be that it was such as these who were guilty of the ferocities attributed to them by Judge Lindsey. Lawless by instinct, brutal by nature they might have committed the deeds with which they are charged. But, we submit, the state militia elsewhere is not recruited from such types. Is Colorado so far different from her sister states in this respect?

PROGRESSIVE SITUATION IN COUNTRY

STEADY disappearance of the Roosevelt vote in election primaries north, east, south and west, almost everywhere that they have been held, is the subject of a page consideration by a political cognoscente in the New York Times of recent date. Only in Massachusetts have the Progressives maintained their ground. However, in spite of the slump the leaders are keeping a stiff upper lip and in various ingenious ways explain the party losses. They say that not everybody who voted for Roosevelt was a Progressive, and that Republicans who merely bolted their tickets are Republicans still, but are no better satisfied than before with the men in control of their party, and will do the same thing again at the same provocation.

This is probably true; we believe it accurately diagnoses conditions in California where the Republican registration is upward of one hundred thousand ahead of the Progressives and the Democrats running a close race with the Roosevelt-Johnson party. As showing the optimistic faith of the Progressives in the state even this prodigious lead by the Republicans does not feaze them. Private polls of many precincts reveal that probably 50 per cent of the Republican registration, men and women, will vote for Johnson in spite of announced affiliation. Says Mr. Charles Willis Thompson in his all-embracing article:

Thus, while these voters still cling to the Republican name, they are voting just as they did in 1912; are no more mollified toward the management that controlled the Chicago convention than they were then, and merely wish to retain their party membership, just as the Democrats who bolted Bryan in 1896 retained the name of Democrats but kept right on voting the Republican ticket for sixteen years. A man clings with affection to an old party name, and the name Progressive has no associations with it.

In California, the Republican leaders are making a determined effort to attract the rank-and-file back to the fold. Whether or not they succeed depends largely upon the composition of the ticket to fill the state offices, especially the head, and candidates for the legislature. If a reactionary aspirant for governor is nominated the Progressives have reason to be hopeful of the success of their candidate although the Democrats are not without a chance. With Franklin K. Lane they could sweep the state; with a Caminetti they would be so far in the rear that the party would be a laughing-stock. In an attempt to break the strong grip the Progressives have on the women's vote in California the lure is offered by the Republicans of the nomination of lieutenant-governor to a woman. It is a distinct bid for votes and in no sense a graceful recognition of her political due. It may succeed, but the bait is so palpable that it savors of a bribe.

Conditions in South Dakota have been not dissimi-

lar to those in California. Roosevelt carried the state in 1912, running there as here on the Republican ticket. Taft was shut out utterly. In that year the legislature passed a law providing for a statewide primary and for a majority and minority faction in each party. As the Progressive element cast the most votes in the Republican primaries it became, legally, the majority faction, the standpatters taking minority place. This spring, under the new law, there were five conventions, held simultaneously at Pierre, the capital. They were the majority and minority faction conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties, and the convention of the Socialist party. Then, under the law, another primary was held to decide whether the majority or minority candidate should become the regular party candidate, and Charles H. Burke, the minority or standpat candidate, defeated Coe I. Crawford, the majority or Progressive candidate, and became the Republican nominee for the senate. Burke's majority was 10,000. Crawford is the sitting senator.

It is interesting to note that Burke received 9000 majority for congress in 1912 when Roosevelt carried the state by 10,000, so that his triumph over Crawford is not so marked a slap at the Progressives as it appears at first glance. Burke is popular; Crawford has alienated many friends by his course. However, in spite of local causes the fact remains that the reactionary element is ahead in South Dakota. In Michigan the Republicans show gains, the Progressives losses; in New York the vote for judge of appeals revealed a big slump for the Progressives, but there is a vast difference between a Roosevelt running and a comparatively unknown candidate for judge. New Jersey is a Progressive disappointment both in the vote for governor and for congress. In Kentucky the primaries show a falling off and in Maryland the slump is heavy, due to a factional split. In Omaha a new registration shows 343 Progressives as against 6,062 votes cast in November, 1912. In a congressional contest in Maine the Progressive vote was cut in two. On the whole the outlook for the third party is not encouraging. Mr. Roosevelt's return to the scenes of political conflict is awaited with much anxiety.

SORDID STORY OF RAILROAD WRECKING

T IRED of being the "goat," as he tartly expresses it, Mr. Charles S. Mellen, former president of the New Haven railroad, is unfolding a tale of crooked railroad manipulations that for dubiety and chicanery is without parallel in the country's history. In his testimony before the interstate commerce commission Mr. Mellen told of his negotiations with former Police Inspector Byrnes of New York for the exchange of 8000 New Haven shares for 24,000 shares of Westchester stock, because he thought that Byrnes had influence with people whom "it was necessary to reach." To obtain the result he sought the railroad president declared he would deal with the devil or anybody else if necessary.

There is strong evidence, which his own testimony furnishes, that the "devil" or evil influence was a party to, if not an instigator of, many of the nefarious deals which Mr. Mellen admits were "put over" in the course of the wrecking of the road entrusted to his charge. The late J. Pierpont Morgan, he asserts, made him president of the New Haven. Morgan was only one of the directors, but he dominated its affairs. The notorious Westchester deal in which the New Haven road paid \$35,000,000 for twenty-six miles of railroad and franchises was "approved" by Morgan and William G. Rockefeller, according to Mellen, although, in his opinion, it was a system projected for the sole purpose of "holding up" the New Haven road. It was of this deal that Mellen recorded in a letter, "Many reputations will be damaged and, in the end, I will be the goat." In addition to Police Inspector Byrnes, Tammany Hall had to be "taken care of." Mellen modestly remarks that he doesn't feel proud of the part he played in it, but states that he was kept in the dark until all the details had been arranged. Morgan pretended to believe the Westchester road was valuable, "but I

thought its stock was worth ten cents a pound. Now I know I was right," adds the witness to his own shame.

It is apparent that the Pujo investigating committee was not far wrong when it declared that a "money trust" existed that was dangerous to the country. That Morgan's interdiction could kill credit was denied before the sub-committee of the house banking and currency committee at the time of the investigation, but the testimony of Mellen and the attitude of the New Haven directors offer ample proof of the prodigious power of the Wall street banker. His word was sufficient to cause a subsidiary road to be bought at an extravagant price and on his sole authority eleven million dollars additional could be spent on the acquisition and no questions asked, that is, of him. What a situation!

BOSTON'S SAPONACEOUS "BUNK"

AWFUL, isn't it? The efforts to prevent American shipping from enjoying freedom from tolls through the Panama canal have resulted "in a direct loss of the volume of traffic that utilizes the harbor of Los Angeles," to quote the exact language employed by the San Pedro Daily News. Yes, indeed. The Coastwise Transportation Company of Boston has assured the Los Angeles Harbor Commission that "if it had not been for the question of Panama tolls we now would have had ships well under way to run through Panama canal and up the western coast, but appealing the free tolls of American shipping has stopped their handling."

What ingrates! After the country has spent upward of \$400,000,000 to build a canal for the use of shipping, too. Not quite so pessimistic is the tone of a letter from Messrs. Crowell and Thurlow of Boston, prominent ship brokers, who write:

We are building a small fleet of steamers which we hope to operate between ports on the Pacific coast and Boston. The repeal of the Panama tolls bill, which seems to be imminent, will make a great deal of difference to the success or failure of the operators. However, we have not lost all courage entirely and hope that in the near future some of our boats will have the pleasure of entering your port with a cargo from this city.

Courage, brothers, courage! All hope is not lost. "In the near future some of our boats" will lap the waves at San Pedro harbor despite the repeal of the tolls "which now seems to be imminent." Blessed be the name of bunk! And how Boston does know how to pile it on! Use the canal? You may gamble your bottom dollar that every coastwise ship in the country will tug at her moorings to ride the canal at \$1.20 a ton the ride and earn for her owners a nice fat dividend thereby. Not quite so much as if the dear people who built the canal had been buncoed into paying for its upkeep as well, but enough. Too bad that "our ships" cannot have this privilege at the people's expense! Too bad that that old skinflint, Uncle Sam, does not give us free postage while he is about it, so that we who have no shipping stock may feel mollified.

GROSS MISCONDUCT AND LIABILITY ACT

GREAT interest attaches to the petition for a writ of review of an award made by the state industrial accident commission in favor of the widow of a lineman killed at Sacramento, while cutting a live wire of the Great Western Power Company's lines, without wearing rubber gloves, contrary to the foreman's instructions. The writ is asked of the supreme court to determine the regularity of the proceedings, by the commission and, next, the lawfulness of the judgment. It is contended that the accident involved arose under the Roseberry act, while the proceedings have been before a commission created by the Boynton act. The first provides for appeal to the superior court, the latter provides for review of an award by the supreme court alone.

It is contended by the petitioner that the provisions of the Roseberry act are void, in that the legislature exceeded its powers when it made superior courts act as courts of appeal. It is further argued that the Boynton act violates the Constitution of the United

States by virtually imposing upon certain employers a liability for accidents suffered by employers without regard to the fault of either, except in cases of intoxication. It is urged that the act constitutes class legislation, which claim is based, not on the exemption of casual employees, but of those engaged in farming or stock raising. It is alleged, further, that the commission, under the Roseberry act, has jurisdiction to make awards only in cases where there was no willful misconduct. It is interesting to note that one member of the commission dissented from the verdict on the ground that willful misconduct had been proved, hence the award was not justified. The widow was given \$4050. The company, while denying responsibility, offered \$2000 in settlement.

Employers in the state and elsewhere will follow this petition and its course with more than passing interest. The liability act has impressed many as dealing unjustly with principals in that it holds them responsible for all accidents to employees no matter how incurred, so long as intoxicants do not enter into consideration. Thus, the gross carelessness of an employee, as in the case at issue, is not regarded as offering any mitigating circumstances, which, to say the least, is working a hardship on employers, and to that extent renders the act inequitable and one-sided. Everybody wants to see employees amply protected and full justice shown to bereft families, but if an injustice is done in the awarding of damages, as would appear in the present instance, then the act requires amending. Gross carelessness, as exemplified in the willful ignoring of precautionary instructions, should relieve the employer of pecuniary responsibility.

WHEN WE HAVE AIRSHIP FERRIES

AIRSHIP ferries! Goodness, gracious! How we do hurry to arrive! Whether to business or to Heaven, nothing deters us. There are several points of advantages in air-lanes and we may as well begin to look them up and count our blessings since the airship has come to stay. For one thing they won't need paving on the upper thoroughfares nor will there be special assessments, nor uniform planting in park ways. There won't be traffic policemen, though, as there have already been collisions, what will take their place? A winged Mercury, perhaps.

While there will be no spread rails there may be a broken wing occasionally, and that, doubtless, will be as bad. There will be new styles in costumes to conform, but what? Parachute parasols one can imagine will be almost indispensable, but what kind of hats for women passengers would be most sensible and becoming? Taking pattern from the highest flying birds, there is the bald-headed eagle, the condor, which doesn't "handsome much"; the hawk and the lark; nothing striking there! Fashion-makers are likely to be put to it!

Our phrase-makers also will have to go to revising. "High-fliers" has been an accepted term for certain types of gilded youth, but the soberest citizen, by buying a ticket on the "Airmail," may easily attain the same distinction, so it will be valueless henceforth and go into the limbo. Will we all grow wings, as we gradually lose the use of our feet? Shoe bills will decrease thereby, and the darning of hosiery, a consummation devoutly to be wished, we fancy a gentle reader exclaims, but what evils that we know not of are we likely to get in their stead? Gluing in feathers would be extremely tedious!

What safety devices will be invented for the man on the street? If he has to look up all the time to see what is coming, he is bound to collide with obstacles near at hand. It is remindful of the harassed New York citizen who dodged an automobile by jumping down a subway opening just in time to be killed by the underground train! When express airships were as far away as Europe, we seemed safe here, but now they have really reached the coast fearful possibilities present themselves. How could an absconding husband be pursued? Or a father, say of twins, that he acquired thoughtlessly? One can see the airships overloaded!

Will there be a combine among passenger agents,

and how will the state railroad commission settle it? It looks as though there would have to be an entire new social order for the new condition and after a few dizzy flights, doubtless, we will all be sad like the poet who when he grew tall found he was no nearer Heaven than when he was a boy? "Round trip, sir, or one way?"

WHY THE COUNTRY CHIRKS UP

AGAIN Oyster Bay is on the map! With that bivalvular spot telegraph communication is now reopened, praises be, and on the front pages of our enterprising dailies reappear the long-submerged half-tones of the returned leader in his old familiar poses. Already, the impending summer dullness has lost half its terrors; with the Colonel back among us the worst that can happen may be borne with equanimity, an inward monitor reassuring the pessimistic that there is still balm in Gilead:

So let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
The country is not quite asleep
Our Teddy's back to stay.

Who cares if the London Graphic does exhibit the green mote in commenting on the Roosevelt discovery of a hitherto unknown river in Brazil? With his trusty typewriter in hand soon will America's great geographer punctuate such carping utterances as this:

From the tenebrous depths of unknown Brazil the showman's drum has boomed and Mr. Roosevelt appears with tales of adventure and achievement which Munchausen himself might envy.

Cattish, isn't it? Never mind. We'll set one of those Paraguay piranhas on the Graphic editor's trail to make of him a cannibalistic holiday. With the New York World we are ready to affirm that if the Colonel says the river is a thousand miles long, it's a thousand miles long. Remarks our contemporary: "We wouldn't knock off an inch to avoid a war. If any captious critic claims that such a river in such a place must run up hill in spots and cross other rivers, let it go at that. Maybe it does for all we know. Anyway, the Colonel has been there and seen the river and got boils and been ducked in the rapids and lost his dog and fallen off thirty-five pounds in weight, and can produce witnesses. That is more than the other side has offered to do."

It is naively stated in the dispatches that while the Colonel refuses to talk politics for publication it is evident that he has not lost interest in the subject. Let the country's *te deums*—we had almost written "Teddyums"—arise for that consoling observation. What if he had? What if the fascination of finding new rivers had drowned his zest for politics? Ugh! Now are we reasonably reassured, now may we go ahead with our nominations fairly certain that he will accept anything that is offered. Brethren, join with us in singing:

Dear Colonel, 'tis of thee,
Strong on geography,
Of thee we sing;
What though the British shied,
You are our national pride,
And from the mesas wide
Our challenge fling.

Our trenchant Teddy, we
Proclaim assertively,
You are the stuff;
We love your won'ts and wills,
Your dicta give us thrills,
How, how your language chills
Off every bluff.

Let trumpets loudly blare,
Forth on the trembling air,
Your bold defi;
Let all the echoes wake,
Let all the stalwarts quake,
Let all Progressives take
No alibi.

Our country's idol, say,
Out there at Oyster Bay,
May we have hope?
Will you our people bless,
Give them all happiness,
O Teddy, pray confess,
What is the dope?

CHICAGO TO HAVE A RECHRISTENING

HANDICAPPED and, perhaps, a little appalled by the triplicated name of the Chicago Record-Herald and Inter Ocean, the newly-installed editor, Mr. James Keeley, and its publisher, Mr. W. W.

Chapin, are seeking advice of the paper's constituency as to an elimination of non-essentials, leaving one name only as the survivor. Thus far, the majority of answers suggest the expunging of hyphens and a return to first principles, i.e., The Herald, the parent paper of the three mergers, to wit, Times, Record and Inter Ocean. No handsomer publication than the old Herald was printed in America. Scott presses were in use and they turned out a daily product that was a joy to the eye and the senses.

Moreover, the Herald was a clean type of newspaper, eschewing the cheap sensational, yet not slighting in the least the big news of the day. Its Sunday edition was a delight to the discerning. A corps of clever draughtsmen illustrated the special feature articles of the paper and an artistic ensemble both of literary matter and pictures resulted. The inimitable "Tom" Powers was one of the old art staff; Ray Brown of Scribner's Magazine was another, and the late Homer Davenport was a third. Horace Taylor, now of New York, was one of the best line artists in Chicago and his good work on the Herald will be long remembered. Under Horatio W. Seymour, the best manager editor in the country—he is now in charge of the editorial page of the New York World—the old Herald was a powerful factor in Chicago and its staff second to none in the country for originality and literary excellence.

We shall hope to see the Keeley-Chapin paper approximate that admirable newspaper of which Mr. Seymour was the inspiration and the late Mr. James W. Scott the business director. With all Mr. John R. Walsh's faults he was a good "provider," as the "angel" of the Herald, and took pride in being its largest stockholder. Peace to his ashes! We can wish the triple-named paper no better luck than to be as near perfection Sundays and week-days as Mr. Seymour designed it and that the old name will be retained to the exclusion of all others. The Times was a powerful paper in its day, but a vicious one, a slangy one, a ribald one; the Record was a journalistic hermaphrodite, neither good, bad, nor indifferent, nor yet wholly colorless. The Inter Ocean was a stalwart organ always, a party paper first before it was a newspaper. Let all three sleep the long sleep. They have had their day.

WHAT POLL TAX ABOLITION MEANS

APPARENTLY, it is taken for granted that an amendment to abolish the poll tax in California, which yields the state treasury \$800,000 a year, will carry. We are prepared to believe it. After seeing the non-taxable portion of the community in Los Angeles saddle a heavy debt on the taxable half, as was demonstrated a few days ago, when the power bonds were voted in defiance of economic sanity, who can doubt that this same cheerful disposition to "let the other fellow" pay the freight will be repeated up and down the state at the November election? It is almost a certainty.

Of course, it will result in the saddling of that extra \$800,000 a year in taxes on the thrifty. The class that will thereby dodge about the only contribution it makes toward the expenses of the state government will be entirely immune, but the small property holder, the artisan or the mechanic paying for his home, will have to make up the deficit. He may think that he is helping himself when he gleefully votes to abolish the poll tax, but that is where he is egregiously fooled. For relieving the non-property owner of the burden he will find himself mulcted his poll tax, plus his proportion of what he has voted off the other fellow with no tangible property. It is an idiotic procedure.

Every alien minus personal belongings, every itinerant worker, in fact, whose habits have been shiftless will, by the abolition of the poll tax, escape his sole burden of taxation. It is a most beneficent piece of asininity, so far as his type is concerned. Together with the loss of the corporation license tax the state will have \$1,600,000 to collect elsewhere, in order to meet running expenses. The assumption is that the corporations will be taxed to cover the deficiency. Perhaps, so, but if so how unfair and how unwise!

Drama Strips Emotions of all Their Veils---By Randolph Bartlett

ONE of the prime functions of the drama is to strip life of its nonessentials and deal with elementary motives and conditions. In order to be successful as drama it must do this. Unless a play is capable of being presented in less than two hours of actual stage performance, it loses its claim to consideration as drama, and simply takes a place in literature as a purely academic composition. This much must be conceded to form, for, after all, the various modifications of art forms must be shaped to conform with the conditions which give rise to the respective forms, or lose their classification. Prose may be poetical, but the writing which has not been produced according to certain rules of verification, elastic though they are, cannot be criticized as poetry. A story may be dramatic, but unless it is written in drama form, so that it may be reproduced upon a stage, it is impossible to speak of it as drama. A play which cannot be compressed into such dimensions that it may be played in the time allotted to a theatrical performance, is hardly a play at all. It is a dramatic poem, a novel in conversational form, but no true play. In expressing an idea in dramatic form, therefore, it is necessary to remove all the side issues, and taking the essential dramatic issue at stake, pursue it in a logical and unswerving sequence of incidents to the conclusion which is the author's original scheme.

It is this conventionality, if it may be so called, which gives to the drama that intensity of action and concentration of idea that places it in a distinctive category. He who would be successful in dramatic writing, therefore, must possess the faculty of focusing his mind upon the fundamental thing with which he is dealing to the exclusion of all extraneous matter. The counterplots must have a bearing upon the main idea or be so much dead matter, a clog upon the action and, no matter how interesting or diverting, this interest or diversion itself robs the play of its value as drama. A great deal of the success of the modern drama has come through a realization of these principles, while many otherwise brilliant works owe their failure to the fact that these principles have not been observed. For example, no person would accuse George Bernard Shaw of not having a definite idea in mind when writing any of his plays, yet he so embroiders his comedies and tragedies with clever epigram and dissertation, that although these may have a direct bearing upon the central theme, they often divert the mind of the audience and the play fails to grip. Few of Shaw's plays have had the stage success which their brilliance and the reputation of their author would appear to warrant, yet all have had a great success in printed form. This is because while Shaw himself comes to grips with his ideas, he does not endeavor to drive them home relentlessly, to the sacrifice of all else. In the few instances where he did do so he achieved theatrical success.

It is the Irish dramatists and a few of the lesser English ones, temporarily overshadowed by the ascendant stars of Galsworthy and Shaw, who have realized the importance of reducing their dramatic problems to fundamental propositions. The north of England, which has given us "Rutherford & Son" as a shining example of tense action, has produced another writer, new as yet to America, and but lately introduced by a realistic drama, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," D. H. Lawrence. The question which he asks in this, his first drama, is: "What really transpires in the heart of a woman who is shamefully treated by her husband, the father of her two children, when matters reach such a stage that she is ready to leave him, and go away with another man, taking her children with her, without the formality of a divorce?" This is no mere question of the little colliery town in which Mr. Lawrence stages his drama. On its face it might as easily be asked of the woman living in wealth and luxury. Mr. Lawrence happens to know the colliery folk better than he knows millionaires, so he writes of them, but the way he finds his answer, an answer which in its nature must be considerable of an enigma itself, is by introducing a tragedy. Disaster breeds truth as inevitably in the coal mine as in the drawing room, and the truth about the Holroyds is clearly universal.

Unless one can see in this drama, the reflection of these essential principles, the story is merely a sordid bit of realism for which there is no particular excuse for existence outside of a paragraph in the local paper. Mrs. Holroyd is a hard-working woman, wife of a rather prosperous miner of the better class, living in something akin to poverty, but far removed from privation. She is attending to her family washing as the play opens, early in a summer evening. Enters Blackmore, an electrician, who seems entirely at home and familiar, but without of-

fensiveness—a rather attractive person. The byplay hints at a certain undefined half understanding between the two. The husband has come home from the mine and hurried away again. His whereabouts is soon learned from the gossip of the Holroyd children, who come running home full of something they have seen. They have been down by the inn, and have seen, through a window, their father dancing with a woman who is wearing a pink paper bonnet. In short, the first scene, in the language of the movies, registers a neglected wife, a man who is friendly and willing to be more so, children who are more than a little afraid of their father, and a general atmosphere of portend.

The second scene, two hours later, brings Holroyd and two of the paper bonnet women from the inn, all three rather lively from stimulant, coming to the house as a bit of a lark. They endeavor in a tipsy, boisterous way, to carry off a situation which the wife naturally resents, and at which the husband, while endeavoring to conceal it, feels rather awkward in spite of his condition. At length, the women go but Holroyd remains, and, apparently, he is home for the night. There is no suggestion that there has been anything more between him and the roystering women than a few dances with their concomitant beverages at the inn. The same doings at a picnic or similar affair where the wife was present would have been cause for little more than a passing flurry of temper at most. But to the woman there is the insult of her home having been invaded and degraded by the presence of the "huzzies." One can imagine the man rather making it a point of honor that he did bring them to his house—that he was not ashamed to face his wife in their company. The storm breaks as they leave:

HOLROYD (ashamed yet defiant, withal anxious to apologize) Wheer's my slippers?

(Mrs. Holroyd sits on the soft with face averted and does not answer.)

HOLROYD. Dost hear? (He pulls off his boots, noisily, and begins to hunt under the soft) I canna find the things. (No answer) Humph!—then I'll do be 'out 'em. (He stumps about in his stocking feet; going into the scullery, he brings out the loaf of bread; he returns into the scullery) Wheer's th' cheese? (No answer—suddenly) God blast it! (He hobbles into the kitchen) I've trod on that broken basin, an' cut my foot open. (Mrs. Holroyd refuses to take any notice. He sits down and looks at his sole—pulls off his stocking and looks again) It's lamed me for life. (Mrs. Holroyd glances at the wound) Are 'na ter goin' ter get me owt for it?

MRS. HOLROYD. Psh!

HOLROYD. Oh, a' right then. (He hops to the dresser, opens a drawer, and pulls out a white rag; he is about to tear it)

MRS. HOLROYD (snatching it from him) Don't tear that!

HOLROYD (shouting) Then what the deuce am I to do? (Mrs. Holroyd sits stonily) Oh, a' right then! (He hops back to his chair, sits down, and begins to pull on his stocking) A' right then—a' right then. (In a fever of rage he begins pulling on his boots) I'll go where I can find a bit o' rag.

MRS. HOLROYD. Yes, that's what you want! All you want is an excuse to be off again—"a bit of rag!"

HOLROYD (shouting) An' what man'd want to stop in wi' a woman sittin' as fow as a fackass, an' canna get a word from 'er edgeways.

MRS. HOLROYD. Don't expect me to speak to you after tonight's show. How dare you bring them to my house? How dare you?

HOLROYD. They've non hurt your house, have they?

MRS. HOLROYD. I wonder you dare to cross the doorstep.

HOLROYD. I s'll do what the deuce I like. They're as good as you are.

MRS. HOLROYD (stands speechless, staring at him; then low) Don't you come near me again—

HOLROYD (suddenly shouting, to get his courage up) She's as good as you are, every bit of it.

MRS. HOLROYD (blazing) Whatever I was and whatever I may be, don't you ever come near me again.

HOLROYD. What! I'll show thee. What's the hurt to you if a woman comes to the house? They're women as good as yourself, every whit of it.

MRS. HOLROYD. Say no more. Go with them, and don't come back.

HOLROYD. What! Yi, I will go, an' you s'll see. What! You think you're something, since your uncle left you money, an' Blackmore puttin' you up to it. I can see your little game. I'm not as daft as you imagine. I'm no fool, I tell you.

MRS. HOLROYD. No, you're not. You're a drunken beast, that's all you are.

HOLROYD. What, what—I'm what? I'll show you who's gaffer, though. (He threatens her)

MRS. HOLROYD (between her teeth) No, it's not going on. If you won't go, I will.

Word is flung back at word until at last Holroyd leaves the house to go back to the inn. The second

act transpires two hours later. Blackmore, learning that Holroyd is out on a debauch, waits at the inn until he is helpless and takes him home. The drunkard, in a belligerent mood, picks a quarrel with Blackmore and attacks him. The younger, sober man evades his clumsy blows, and trips him into a heavy fall. That this might have been fatal is the unspoken wish of both Mrs. Holroyd and Blackmore, but they pick up the now thoroughly unconscious man, sodden with alcohol and exhausted from his struggle, and place him tenderly on a couch. Then, over the form of the sleeper, the two of them arrange an elopement, ardently urged by the man who is manifestly sincere in his affection, and rather dubiously agreed to by the woman, whose moral compunctions are silenced by the thought of the fate which continued existence with Holroyd entails, and by a certain liking for Blackmore, which she translates into a declaration of love.

The next evening when it came quitting time in the pit, Holroyd, who had been surly with his mates all day, did not leave his work with the others, but let them go ahead, as if he wanted to be alone. He did not reach home at his accustomed time, and after a considerable wait, a search was begun. It was found that soon after the miners had left the shaft there had been a cave-in, and Holroyd had been killed. Immediately, the woman who hated is transformed into the wife who accuses herself of murder. She had wished him dead; he is dead; now, she may not wish him alive again, and yet she is stricken with remorse. If it had not been for their quarrel he would have left the mine with the others. Now the torn fingers that dumbly tell of a futile struggle for life awaken the pity that is akin to love. The curses and humiliation are forgotten and she sees only how white and fine his skin is under the grime of coal dust.

Blackmore is kind and tactful, but the woman cannot accept any offer of help in her trouble from him, and quietly asks him to go away, in a tone which has a touch of finality about it. Clearly, it is seen now, her love for him was the love of the prisoner for the rescuer. Escaping from Holroyd living, she could have entertained for him a certain grateful affection which might have stood them in good stead through years of companionship. With Holroyd dead in the background, there was nothing from which to escape except memories of him, and Blackmore, of necessity, would only accentuate them by his presence. Had Blackmore even killed Holroyd, he might have been a savior in the eyes of the woman, but her escape had come about through a sequence of events in which Blackmore, though one of the participants, was not a moving force. Immediately, he becomes isolated, or even worse than isolated—exiled—because he reflects the woman's own part in the tragedy. Here the drama ends.

This is what is meant by stripping a situation of its side-issues and dramatizing the fundamentals. This is real drama, not because of any inherent interest in the people with whom it deals, but because when an author deals truthfully with human emotions his work must be universal. The facts may be commonplace and sordid; truth is never commonplace and never sordid. And "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd" deals with naked truth.

("The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd." By D. H. Lawrence. Mitchell Kennerley.)

GRAPHITES

Penrose and Palmer and Pinchot a toga would fondly wear,

And Palmer and Pinchot and Penrose the garment refuse to share;

For Pinchot and Penrose and Palmer would fain put under the sod

Two "p's" that are now in the running to leave only one in the pod.

Mr. Mellen has explained what a meeting of the directors of the New Haven road would have been without the presence of Morgan: "Just about the same as a lot of cows without a bull." How complimentary to the cows.

Long Beach is facing damage suits to the extent of \$2,000,000 for the collapse of the municipal pier a year ago. Municipal ownership carries with it municipal responsibility. If there must be the one there should inevitably be the other.

Irish home rule goes to third and last reading next Tuesday Minister Asquith announces. Portentous day! That is when Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is to tell the National Geographical Society at Washington all about the new river he has discovered in Brazil.

"FREE SILENCE MOVEMENT" DESCRIBED

It is a bit early yet, perhaps, to express an opinion of the doings of a certain set of people in New York who for the past few months kept themselves busy commenting both visibly and audibly on social conditions that have provoked them to something more than the usual gentle acquiescence in a situation "we deplore but can not help." Under the leadership of Frank Tannenbaum an army of unemployed men went nightly to the churches to ask for food and shelter until Tannenbaum was arrested, convicted and sentenced to the limit for an offense that can hardly be proved to the logical mind, unaffected by legal quibbles. Then one found one's friends and acquaintances taking up the matter and allying themselves either directly or sympathetically with the little band of protesters now called I. W. W.'s, now anarchists, now socialists.

* * *

Ever since, one never knows when the telephone rings if it may not be to give information that a friend or acquaintance is in jail for a "Cause." The latest is the Colorado strikers. Under the leadership of Upton Sinclair a band of followers is protesting against "The System" as it is exemplified in the person of John D. Rockefeller, Junior. Headquarters at 8 Trinity Place have been established for the Free Silence Movement designed "to carry the social chill to Rockefeller." It may be merely a flash in the pan that, after a certain degree of tolerance by the authorities, will burn itself out in a few days as the Tannebaum movement seemed to do, but one never can tell. These people may be making history. One never can tell when a smoldering fire will burst into flame, and developments in the last few years indicate a smoldering fire. It may be that the excitement will expend itself in the wild words that speakers are hurling from the foot of the Franklin statue or in the pleasant sense of personal sacrifice or anger that comes with unprecedented defiance of the authorities and wealthy men from any sort of annoyance, especially that which may proceed from popular contempt.

* * *

But it will not do to be too sure. It is very easy to say with a laugh or sneer that a man like Upton Sinclair must not be taken too seriously, that he is a buffoon seeking personal notoriety. In these days when it is the business of the newspapers to exploit personalities the immediate attention of the public is caught, and this may be capitalized later by a notoriety seeker, but let us not forget that in the old days agitators who precipitated trouble and helped men to mend their ways were looked upon in something of the same way. The Free Silence Movement began under the leadership of Sinclair. Accompanied by a party of radicals he went to the offices of Rockefeller at 26 Broadway. With bands of mourning crepe about their arms they began to walk silently up and down. As a crowd rapidly collected they were arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct. Of the five convicted, Sinclair, Elizabeth Freeman and Mrs. Donita Leither refused to pay the \$3.00 fine and were sentenced to the Tombs where Sinclair promptly began a hunger strike. Leonard Abbott, head master of the Ferrar school and president of the Free Speech League, backed by practically all the students of the school and volunteers from the I. W. W., took charge at headquarters and continued the picketing, the purpose of which he said was to let Rockefeller know that he is not approved by the moral sense of the community.

* * *

The picketing was soon extended to the homes of the two Rockefellers at 4 and 10 West Fifty-fourth street. For hours the mourners walked up and down. They were not molested until two of them stopped to light cigarettes. They were then arrested and taken to the police station. In the night court they were discharged, the attitude of the authorities being that as public feeling has been aroused by the killing of men, women and children in Colorado, it will be the part of wisdom to permit the fullest possible display of public emotion through free speech, free assemblage, and free passage through the streets. As Mr. Rockefeller did not appear the picketing was extended to the Baptist church where it was rumored he would go on Sunday to teach his Sunday school class. Soon it was discovered that Mr. Rockefeller was confined with a cold at his father's residence at Pocantico. Members of the group then repaired to Pocantico. They found that the news of their arrival had been telephoned ahead and the estate was well guarded; but they passed the day walking up and down in front of the entrance, for the plan is merely to be in evidence, silent and wearing mourning crepe bands. Next Sunday they aim to go back dressed entirely in black with white gloves, accompanied, if possible, by a hearse containing a black coffin.

* * *

At 26 Broadway Rev. William Miller Gamble held a funeral service for the dead in Colorado and preached a sermon against war. Whether all this bothers Mr. Rockefeller is not yet disclosed. Rich

men can protect themselves from annoyance as poor men can not. He is safe at Pocantico and his cold prevents his returning to the city. The estate is large enough for him to shut himself away from the sight or sound of disagreeable things. He need know nothing of the movement unless he permits himself to be told or chooses to read the newspapers. Now, Mr. Sinclair shows signs of relenting against him as an individual and extending the picketing to the offices of the Standard Oil Company throughout the country in the hope of reaching the men who may be behind Mr. Rockefeller. He feels that Mr. Rockefeller has good in him; that he is young and impressionable; that the movement may be even more effective as a protest if it can reach out and beyond one man to a system.

* * *

Whether a nation-wide picketing results or whether the protest dies as suddenly as it began, it is at present serving the purpose of helping a lot of people whose feelings have been aroused to the burning pitch to refrain from any desperate act. To those who are accustomed to read the signs of the times it is tremendously indicative. When perfectly nice individuals are moved to express themselves in a form that is usually considered not in good taste it means that something is notably wrong. Let us find the wrong and attempt to right it. And let us take note of the rate at which the world has moved to make such a demonstration possible.

New York, May 16, 1914 ANNE PAGE.

GRAPHICALITIES

O woman, seated in the governor's chair,
(Meaning, of course, when the governor isn't there);
To be his understudy may seem "nice,"
But how could lovely woman be a "vice?"

Think of the heat being so intense in Chicago that a citizen dropped dead in his office. True, he was apopleptic and almost seventy, but why spoil a good story?

What a queer sensation for the Mexican dictator to experience standing in front of the "movies" gazing on battle scenes at Torreon in which the rebels were triumphant!

Tepic has followed Tampico in capitulating to the rebels. Tepic has a "warming" sound. Gradually, the game gets hotter as the Constitutionalists approach nearer the capital.

San Diego's high school is to establish a cooking course for boys. Their sons will, in process of time, speak wistfully to their gadabout wives of the "pies that father used to make."

Cracking the safe of a big market in Los Angeles yielded the robbers about \$800, the Saturday night proceeds. Perhaps, that was their revenge for the last tough steak they bought there.

Dear, dear! To think that nice Long Beach should harbor gamblers and illicit liquor sellers! And the police, apparently, in cahoots. We fear those Long Beach editors have been asleep in their sanctums.

Our old friend, Mrs. Pankhurst, and her daughter Sylvia are included in the wholesale arrest of suffragists bent on interviewing their king, willy nilly. We had supposed that Mrs. Pankhurst was in Hol-

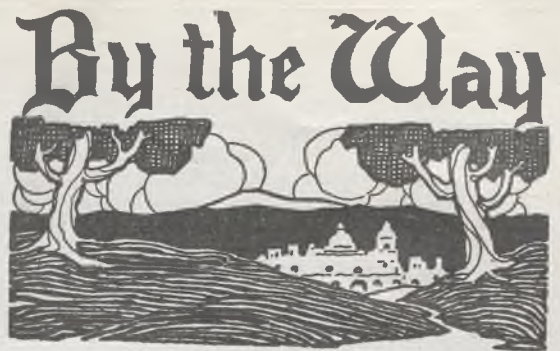
Just as was suspected the victors at Tampico will get all the arms and ammunition they require. Of course; it would be the height of folly to deny them material at this stage of their progress to Mexico City.

Republicans appear to have "come back" in Oregon. This will cause the stalwarts in California to chirk up and, perhaps, conclude they can let the "woman-for-lieutenant-governor" war cry be a trifle less vociferous.

Those four robbers who held up the California limited at Chicago just after the Santa Fe train pulled out of the station merely wanted their share. They feared we would get everything away from the passengers at this end.

Seattle is the healthiest city in the Union, according to 1913 federal statistics, with a death rate for the entire state of Washington of 8.5 in the thousand and 8.4 for Seattle. See Naples and die! exclaimed the poet, but here the cry is Seattle and live!

Don't get discouraged by reason of a tight money market and sell your holdings at a sacrifice. Dr. Stanley of New York has told a Tacoma audience that New York and London are doomed to take a back seat as financial centers of the world. The Pacific coast is booked for that place.



Tragic Life Is Ended

John Singleton's death at the Yellow Aster mine this week ends as tragic an existence as this land of romance and gold has ever known. Rising from the estate of a poor prospector to that of master of wealth, which it seemed he was unable to count, and which he did not believe he ever would be able to exhaust, and then dropping back again with the failure of the Eldorado to keep up its stream of gold, his career had few really bright spots, notwithstanding his wealth. His first wife died before he "struck it rich," and their son committed suicide in the barn of the palatial Singleton Court. His second wife, while not highly educated, was sufficiently refined to resent the uncouth extravagances that were thrust upon her. It was said, in those days of Singleton Court at the height of its glory, that the Yellow Aster millionaire never wore the same shirt twice. The sums of money spent in entertaining at the mansion were staggering. I understand that even when the great mine was pouring out its largest dividends, Singleton made few investments of a permanent character. He seemed to have an almost childlike confidence in the inexhaustible resources of the mine, and his one thought seemed to be to keep the money piling up so high that he never would be able to catch up in his spendings. Then came the separation from his wife, her stage ambitions, the divorce suit against him which never came to trial, and in the midst of these family troubles came the news that the fabulous gold mine was dropping back. It was not precisely a pocket, but the rich ore had been exhausted, and they had run into low grades. Ever since then Singleton lived at the mine, and it is freely predicted that when the estate is settled it will show that John Singleton, one of California's most spectacular millionaires, died a comparatively poor man. Truly, a living drama of the most intense and tragic sort.

Further Proof of Judge's Qualities

Further proof that Judge Crant Jackson does not permit himself to forget that before he was a judge he was a man, came up in his court this week. A man who was sued for divorce objected to paying temporary alimony because he declared that the woman suing him was not his wife, because he had married her in violation of a court order. So contemptible was the plea that Judge Jackson not merely rejected it, but ejected its author, and had not his bailiff been equal to the task, doubtless the judge himself would have willingly taken a hand in throwing this human crawfish out of his court room. A little more red blood like this in our courts and they will stand much stronger with the people than they do at present. It is difficult to conceive a man with so intense and almost passionate devotion to justice, truth and decency, handing down such a remarkable judgment as that of a certain other member of the superior court recently, who said that while there seemed absolutely no possibility of the two parties to a divorce suit ever living together amicably, he would not grant the separation sought.

Silly Saloon Regulations

Comes now the rather inane order of the police commission doing away with saloon signs. This is on a parity with the attempt to abolish the free lunch a year or so ago, which was knocked out by referendum. In the name of civic hypocrisy, what next? We are not ashamed to take the license money from the saloons, but we are ashamed to see the signs telling what business is conducted in the places licensed. I have a notion that the rule is perhaps the result of cheap local beer politics working upon the administration under the guise of uplift. The saloon which displays a sign advertising the well-known Milwaukee and St. Louis brands of lager is the one which gets the long end of the summer business, and with the warm months coming on this means a big difference in receipts. It is well within the possibilities that it is for the protection of the local brewers, and not for the sake of the fair name of the city, that the order has been passed removing the signs. Apparently, we are willing to take money from a man in payment for permission to sell his wares, and then blush to allow him to advertise

them. I doubt if the members of the police commission are so squeamish as that, and I have heard of no requests along this line from the temperance reformers. The order has a stale beer odor.

Sheriff "Billy" Hammel a Winner

Sheriff Will Hammel has decided to stand for reelection and I violate no confidences in declaring that the county will be strong for the most popular sheriff this generation has known. He is entitled to reelection on his clean, efficient record and I look for his endorsement at the primary by a big majority. Not only is the shrievalty itself well conducted but a better set of deputies from Under-Sheriff "Bob" Brain down never carried out the policies of their principal. Here's to their retention!

Marsh Family Does the Yosemite

Bob Marsh and his charming family have been motoring through the Yosemite, which resort they reached by easy drives from Los Angeles. He sends me a photograph of the mammoth "Los Angeles" tree and a card from Wawona advises me that "Our tree in the grove is not so big as the 'Giant,' but by vote taken today will overtake it within one year." This is the initial visit of the Robert Marsh family to the famous valley and a jolly outing is assured.

Smiles From the News

From a headline in the Times: "Aged man is taken from howery lodging house worth thousands." Apparently, the grammar course I suggested for the General's staff has not yet been instituted. From the Tribune a bit of linotype aberration: "Ten thousand, eight hundred hats arrived in Los Angeles . . . consigned to a local battery." I did not know that we had such a large force of artillery in Los Angeles. While on the subject of linotype lapses, I notice that a Main street restaurant calls itself "The Royal Gorge." Is this intentional, or is it merely intended to refer to the scenic fresco on the walls?

Reviving Spineless Cactus

I hear that spineless cactus raising, as an industry, is to receive an impetus soon. This bit of "assisted evolution" by Luther Burbank has not been the commercial success that it seemed to deserve, theoretically, and I understand that former Mayor Thum of Pasadena, has become interested in the proposition, and it is believed that the canny inventor of sticky fly paper will go into the industry rather extensively. As he is as shrewd an investor as there is in these parts, and has been in politics enough to be intimate with things spineless and otherwise, I venture the assertion that Cactus Common will be as popular a stock as there is to be found on the exchange. It may never achieve the domestic popularity of Tanglefoot but it surely will make a place for itself.

Real Demand For Fredericks

There seems to be a real demand for the candidacy of Captain Fredericks for governor among the most substantial Republicans, and he has been forced to delay his final answer until next Thursday, because his private affairs are not yet in shape to warrant his undertaking the strenuous campaign. Already, the labor unions again have exposed their unfairness, by sharpening their knives for the district attorney. Although the MacNamaras confessed to the dynamiting of the Times, and there can be no possible defense for them, the fact that there is a strong element in the labor union ranks which is inclined to maintain war upon all who had anything to do with their punishment is shown by such tendencies as the anti-Fredericks movement. If you question a union man as to why he opposes the captain he will say, "He is too close to Otis," but that is not his real reason, and he knows it, and knows that you know it, but it is necessary to keep up appearances, outwardly at least.

Miles Gregory Demurs

While my challenge to the annexation committee to furnish any statement whatsoever of its policy concerning the attempt to annex the Fruitlands district has not been accepted, I have received a letter from Miles S. Gregory, not intended for publication (and not in the Hearst sense either) but from which I feel at liberty to quote certain parts: "Personally, I have not taken any interest in the annexation problems unless called in for consultation," he says, "I know very little about the Huntington Park deal, and my position is very clear to people who have talked with me about it; namely, that unless a section desires to annex to Los Angeles, we don't want them. . . . I think it is positive that when a petition of twenty-five per cent of the registered voters in any territory to be annexed is presented to the council, under the law they must call an election for that district." I cheerfully accept Mr. Gregory's statement that he had nothing to do with the Huntington Park, or Fruitlands "deal," but there are still

several questions unanswered. After four elections have been called and annexation defeated, and then still a fifth petition filed covering virtually the same district, is it not in the province of the annexation committee to ascertain who is initiating these campaigns, for which the public must pay? If these elections were not called at the instance of the annexation committee, who was at the bottom of them? Who was the genius that drew the gerrymander lines? Who paid the salary of the politician Shea, and who rewarded the reverend gentleman who gave orders at the election booth? If a coterie of irresponsible individuals in the Fruitlands district is imposing upon the annexation committee, it is high time, five elections having been called and lost, that the committee began to ascertain the identity of the Ethiopian in the woodpile. Meanwhile, my offer to print in full an explanation of the series of elections holds good.

Kubachs Entertaining Lavishly

Among the most spectacular private entertainments ever given in Los Angeles, are several which have been held at the Kubach home at Twelfth and Alvarado street. Friends who were "among those present" tell me that at one of these, the unexpected entrance of a person who was not informed that it was all in fun, would have received a severe shock to see members of the superior court and other prominent men, sitting about a roulette wheel, a faro bank, a keno table, and other gambling devices. I am told that the presiding genius of these affairs is Mr. Kubachs son-in-law, Dick Culver, who a few years ago was a reporter on the Express, and, later, on the Times, before he passed his bar examinations and was admitted to practice. If Dick makes as great a success of the law as he does of entertaining, he will yet add several ciphers to the Kubach bank account.

Fashions to Level Ages

Look out for the summer fashions. I have been informed as to certain details, and specimens have been pointed out for me on the street. The general idea of the modes which the dictators have prescribed for those who dress to the last notch, and a little beyond, is that young women shall dress as if they were middle-aged, and middle-aged women shall array themselves as if they were still in their teens. Which reminds me of an example of such a ridiculous nature that it seems hardly possible, as I recall it. A fashionably dressed woman was going toward the Van Nuys hotel on Fourth street. She was of generous proportions, probably forty years old, and beside her there walked a miss, apparently her daughter, almost as large as the older woman. This child wore skirts clear to her knees, ankle-high stockings and all the other make-up of a girl of eight. She must have been at least fifteen. I wondered whether there was a masquerade, but close scrutiny failed to reveal any suggestion that this was not the poor child's usual street garb, in which she was sacrificed to her mother's determination to be considered youthful.

How Evanescent Dramatic Fame

"It's in the blood, just like it was in the blood of 'Jimmy Valentine,' the hero of the crook play," a culprit is reported as having said to the judge. Doubtless, he never said it at all, and it was simply a bit of picturesque language on the part of a reporter who knew more about what the city editor wanted than he did about the drama. The whole story of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is built upon the idea that, given an opportunity, the rogue can reform. One classic line is hard to forget. It is spoken by the former burglar who was given a position as watchman in a grain elevator. "For a while it was hard for me to leave the wheat alone," he said. But he did leave the wheat alone, and at last it was safe to leave him in the presence of unguarded money. Yet this play, popular a year ago, is now quoted as proof of the opposite to what it said. Verily, the day of the dramatist is brief.

Keeley Will be the Boss

In the silly Shubert publication, the New York Review, a weekly newspaper devoted to praising to the skies all things Shubertian and condemning utterly all other theatrical attractions, there is an article predicting the dismissal of James O'Donnell Bennett from James Keeley's combined daily, the Record Herald and Inter-Ocean. The Shubert sheet exposes the attitude of the unthinking class of theatrical managers toward newspaper criticism, saying that it is understood that the business manager of Keeley's paper will be Chapin, formerly of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and recently for the San Francisco Call, imputing to him the policy of having the advertising department control the dramatic critic. This is as it should be, in the opinion of the press-agent publication. Only two faults are to be found with this. First of these is that, doubtless, it is not so. I rather fancy that Jim Keeley will run

the editorial end of the Record-Herald without consulting the business department. The second is that if it were so, and the Shuberts are glad, it is a sad reflection upon their judgment of their own output, that it needs the protection of the money-changers. Bennett, apparently, has not found it in him to praise without qualification all the offerings of the so-called "independents," and this is the result. As a matter of common knowledge, the Chicago critics are reputed to be the most fearless and capable in the country, and Bennett is one of the men who have upheld that status. I opine that he will stay.

Where Hearst Stands on Amendments

Those who have been wanting to know where Hearst's newspapers will stand on the initiative amendments will be interested at least in learning the first choice. The proposed law to provide for the sale of wild game, with certain restrictions, is mentioned editorially as "the first initiative measure that will be on the ballot next November." Other propositions, of minor importance, are the red-light abatement law and the Torrens title amendment, while the Prohibition folk will be interested to know that Mr. Hearst's editors place their pet reform so far down, and the pugilists will be gratified to learn that there is little danger of the papers which make capital of their game turning a characteristic hand-spring and trying to put it out of business.

Depths of Ignorance Unfathomed

Currency matters are difficult for the layman to comprehend, but I never expected to encounter such a display of absolute ignorance as was told me the other day. Two barbers were discussing a bank merger. "You bet," one remarked, "they got to get together now and stop this borrowing and lending from each other. Uncle Sam's bank is goin' to be started pretty soon, and then where'll they be?" There was an impressive silence following the oracular query.

Morgan, the Grand Old Pirate

"What a grand old pirate J. Pierpont Morgan was," the Old Broker remarked, upon reading Melton's testimony in the New Haven hearing. "Not only was he the king pin of them all, but he had all the other pirates frightened to death. If Captain Kidd had been living Morgan would have had him walking around in a barrel."

Assurance Does Not Reassure

From the advertisement of an undertaker, in a local street car, I copied the following: "Every appointment to insure comfort and safety." Comfort? Perhaps. But it would appear rather too late for safety.

Wright Hints at Magnum Opus

Willard Huntington Wright is now in Paris, and a letter to a friend in Los Angeles hints at labor being expended upon something in the nature of a magnum opus. He will be there several months, and says nothing about his plans when he returns.

Silence of Metropolis Noisy

Sierra Madre News: Have you noticed how much prominence the Los Angeles papers have given the recent annexation in the Fruitlands district lying between Los Angeles and Huntington Park? Their silence has been impressive. Residents of Fruitlands rejected the blandishments of the Los Angeles expansionists for the fifth time within six months. But a few weeks ago voters of Palms, Ivy and Culver City voted against annexation and now another election is on, with the portion of the district which voted most strongly against annexation eliminated. For the present the annexation tactics seem to be confined to efforts to bring in country districts which will extend the Los Angeles city limits to such cities as Huntington Park, Venice, Santa Monica and Sawtelle. Two motives seem to animate this program, first to increase the taxable area of Los Angeles, and second to increase the market for Owens river water within the limits of that city. Los Angeles secured the rights to 20,000 or more inches of water on a showing of the city's needs. If the city can actually use only a fraction of that amount it is feared by those on the inside that the city's rights on the surplus will be denied and that Uncle Sam will turn the water over to others nearer its source who need it worse. In that case the great aqueduct would be called upon to carry but a fraction of its capacity. So the motives of those Angel City officials who would confer the priceless (or price-plus) benefits of aqueduct water on outsiders are not altogether altruistic. Any successful campaign of expansion for Los Angeles must be based on a feeling of confidence inspired among the outsiders. The recent tactics in the Fruitland and Palms districts have created a heavy handicap.

Music



By W. F. Gates

David Bispham is preaching good English in song and opera to an audience many times that which would hear him were he simply preaching by example, on the English opera stage. There is only one trouble about his propaganda, on the Orpheum circuit, and that is that the most of his auditors are not the persons who pay \$5.00 or \$6.00 to hear "opera in a language they don't understand." A point which secured a stronger response in his little lecture recital at the Orpheum this week, was the idea for opera at lower prices. And the fun of it was that Mr. Bispham in his days of grand opera was one of the best paid of baritones of the Metropolitan Opera Company—one of the singers who make opera high priced. But there are few who would blame Mr. Bispham for being worth the money or taking all he could get of it.

Mr. Bispham's whimsical definition of opera as "a six dollar entertainment that nobody understands" is all the more humorous from his long and highly valuable contribution to said form of entertainment. He makes a strong plea for English in song—all the stronger from the fact that he is one of the few artists of high standing who are capable of singing and care to sing in the vernacular in the most understandable way. Simply his singing is sufficient to prove his point, but the delightful way in which he fastens it in the memory of his listeners makes it doubly telling. He declares "there is nothing bad about English as a language to sing in—except bad English." Like the old fellow who said, "All whisky is good whisky," he might almost have declared, "All English is bad English"—in opera and song. For of all the visiting singers who have essayed English in song in Los Angeles—and they all feel obliged to make a try at it—only John McCormack and David Bispham proved equal to the task. And as Mr. Bispham said, "English is just as easy to sing in as any other tongue if we study it with that end, not simply 'pick up' the language casually and handle it carelessly, as nearly all of us do."

Mr. Bispham sang last week "When E'er You Walk" from Handel's opera, "Semele," the prologue to "I Pagliacci," "Danny Deever" and an encore, a "Banjo Song." His "Danny Deever" is well known, in fact he has done more to popularize the song than did its composer, "Walter Damrosch, and the latter well may thank the singer for spreading its fame. To the general public the "Pagliacci" prologue is better known, as wherever good song records are found for the phonograph, this number has a place, and many have heard it in opera. But few have seen or heard the translation or know the connection with the opera plot—and, in fact, it has little connection with the plot—having been an afterthought to the composition of the work. Yet it is one of the happiest strokes in the operatic repertoire, both in sentiment and music. It is a great pity that each performance of the opera cannot hear this prologue sung in as good English as Mr. Bispham gave it. What a joy it would be to hear whole performances of such English—providing, of course, there were enough sense in the text to make it worth while. In many operas the text is merely an insane impertinence.

Mr. Bispham is a good text and his

propaganda is both text and sermon. It is all very well to fulminate an opera in English, but where would a manager get enough singers who can sing English to form one little company? I have never heard, in all the operatic English attempts that have come my way, enough artists of ability who could enunciate English with enough acceptability—not enough to man one company. Where is the fault? The public is too conservative and the singer too lazy. Handel and his contemporaries fastened Italian opera on England. Our aping of Europe did the rest. But there are signs of a change of heart. Our singers no longer take Italian names under which to sing. No more Nordicas, Albanis, Melbas, Nevadas, Folis or Peruginis. Even names so prosaic as Butt, Clark, and Garden are considered good enough to keep for stage purposes.

Absolute failure would be the portion of the Italian who could not hold his public in Italy with his own language. The Frenchman who murdered this delightful language would be hooted off the stage. Artistic death would be meted out to the German singer who could not make himself understood in Berlin. But a Jones or Smith, a Johnson or a Simpkins may chew his vowels and evaporate his consonants, displace his accent and distort his rhetoric with impunity—nay, with applause, if so be that he attains a high, loud tone. Which reminds me that an American composer, evidently affected by the vocal condition of the stage and lack of standard on the part of the American audience, has written a work for two voices and orchestra in which the voices do not sing words but vocalize the melodies given them, using simply vowels. The voices are treated as orchestral instruments. Well, why not? Do we understand the words one time in twenty? Why not remove the strain of trying to understand them,—get the beauty of the human voice without having that beauty marred by the lazy incompetence of the singer in the matter of non-enunciation.

Several of the old writers came pretty near doing the same thing when they wrote choruses on one word, "Amen," for instance. So long as the sense is lost and perception of the sentiment impossible, why bother with words? Why not frankly admit incompetence and change the dictionary to read, "Voice—an orchestral instrument, capable of five octaves of range, variously subdivided. Formerly, efforts were made to pronounce words while singing, but two centuries of attempts to do this in English proved abortive, with the exception of a few cases of malformation of brain and vocal organ. After being returned to its primitive and natural function of making tone, pure and simple, the art of singing has taken a new impetus, especially in America."

Seldom does a musical organization last for a quarter of a century with almost the same personnel at the end as at the beginning. Yet that is the record of the Euterpean quartet, the history and value of which to the musical life of Los Angeles was told in this department of The Graphic two weeks ago. Many the ceremony that has called the Euterpeans to say musical grace; many the joyous festivity that has been livened by its musical delineation of humor; and many the last sad rites where the blended tones of the Euterpeans have soothed the

harrowed spirits of the mourners. At one time, the quartet was the principal musical organization of the city, but as the population grew and organizations became multiplied, though less known to the general public, Messrs. Dupuy, Nay, Zinnamon and Wallace kept together in fellowship and in musical work. Their concert at the Gamut Club last week brought out a number of the selections they have used effectively in past years, possibly the best work, from a musical standpoint, being done in the mezzo voce passages in "Strike the Lyre," the opening number of the program. Solos were given by Mrs. Bernard, whose finest work was with the quartet, in Abt's "Ave Maria," by Mr. Dupuy in a "La Boheme" aria, and Mr. Garroway in the Chopin ballads in F. major. The work of quartet and soloists received a warm welcome from an audience which was unexpectedly small considering the place the Euterpean quartet has had in the musical life of Los Angeles. One would have thought large representation from the Ellis and other musical bodies would have been present, as well as many persons associated with the club in former years.

Women's clubs in the neighborhood of Los Angeles are showing much interest in the plans of the symphony orchestra for the coming season. This is a desirable condition of affairs, as it is to women that any musical or otherwise artistic event must look for its largest patronage. Dr. Norman Bridge, president of the symphony association, and J. T. Fitzgerald, its business manager, are being called on to address a number of the clubs, to which invitations they gladly give their time and knowledge for the good of the cause. Next Wednesday they speak before the Woman's Club at Hollywood.

Closing the tenth year of its activity in Los Angeles, the Fillmore school of music, Blanchard building, gave a recital concert last Tuesday night in Blanchard hall, in which there were presented pupils of Jessie B. Small, piano, N. L. Ridderhoff, piano, J. Clarence Cook, violin, and the director of the school, Thomas H. Fillmore. Among the larger numbers were those given by Elinor Heller and Bourn Jones, violin, Helen K. Walker, Lucy Weslizenus, Melba Melsing, Ruby Hill, and Leona Mannon, piano. The work of these and the others on the program well exemplified the proficiency of their instructors.

At this writing, the concert of the combined People's orchestra and chorus, under Hans Linne, is announced at the Morosco theater, for Thursday of this week, with soloists as follows: Minnie Hance, John E. Stockman, Fred McPherson, and Casey Buddington. As this performance of "Samson and Delilah" occurs too late for review in this issue of The Graphic, adequate notice of it will be given next week.

Next Thursday evening, at the First Congregational Church, the orchestra of that organization will give one of its entertaining concerts. The soloists will be Arthur Gripp, violinist, Florence Mead, soprano, R. B. Sumner, baritone, and Dr. R. A. Harris, harpist. This concert marks the close of the nineteenth year of the life of the orchestra. All of this time it has been under the direction of William H. Mead, who for fifteen years or more was first flutist of the local symphony orchestra. While it is true that the activities of the orchestra have been largely confined to the church under whose auspices it was organized and conducted, nevertheless, in these twenty years it has done a great deal to foster a musical interest in the thousands of young people who have heard it weekly, and in the more general public which has heard its two or three public concerts each season. It is such quiet, persistent activities as these which in the end formulate the musical spirit of a city. The total re-

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sults are more than those derived from the occasional appearance of a great artist.

Already, three fourths as many season tickets have been sold for next year's symphony concerts as were sold in the whole of last season. This seems to foretell an increased season sale of from fifty to 100 per cent for the coming season. The management of the symphony concerts last season was so business-like and economical that the guarantors were called on for only about fifty per cent of the amount of their subscriptions to the symphony fund. This was doing far better than the active managers, Dr. Bridge, James T. Fitzgerald and Allen Hancock, expected to do when they took charge of the business of the association. All told, there were given sixteen concerts—for the so-called "rehearsals" were only such in name and that name so used because Boston set the fashion. The attendance Friday afternoons was larger and fully as musical as that of the Saturday night concerts. The concerts last year totaled an expense of about \$30,000 and the artistic success of the season, together with the increased interest in the orchestra by the people of culture and wealth, made it a sum well expended for the good of Los Angeles.

J. T. Fitzgerald and wife leave Los Angeles early in June for a tour of England, Ireland, France and Germany, seeing those countries via automobile. They expect to return to Los Angeles in October and by that time no doubt the sapient J. Tabor will have so many good schemes for symphony enlargement and popularization that his confreres of the symphony board will have hard work to keep up with him.

Three managers of note pay generous tribute to Prof. Marquis Ellis' good work in local musical circles. Frederick Belasco writes that Marquis Ellis' vocal music is always satisfactory; Oliver Morosco announces that he is well pleased with Prof. Ellis' singers and Len Behymer declares that as soloists the Marquis Ellis' young men are of the best. These are tributes worth having.

It was a thoughtful attention to an artist of high standing—the reception given last Monday morning to David Bispham by Barker Brothers, and managed by Mr. Booth. A number of the leading musicians of Los Angeles took this opportunity to pay their respects to the singer. Several musicians and newspaper writers acted as assistants to the host and the affair was one to be remembered. Now, only one thing remains to make Mr. Bispham's visit to Los Angeles complete, and that is the customary announcement that he has bought an orange grove in which to bask when retired from the stage. Somehow, Brother Cline, of the Orpheum, seems to have overlooked this.

Who Are "We"?

Sioux City Tribune: "We are building the Panama canal at an expense of \$400,000,000," says Mr. Knox. "We alone are bearing the risk," and he finally concludes that we should be entitled to special benefits. But the former secretary of state is careful not to explain that "we" in the first two sentences is in no sense identical with the "we" he names in his conclusion. In the first instance, those who are spending the money and taking the risk are "we, the people of the United States." In the last instance those on whom it is proposed to confer the free tolls privilege are not we, the people, at all, but we the ship owners and the railroad corporations financially interested with them. To turn this free tolls subsidy over to American vessels, will, in fact reduce the income of the canal and impose greater financial burden on "we, the people," who built the canal for the ship owners and coast cities.

Le Jongleur de Notre Dame

I

IN the time of King Louis, there lived in France a poor juggler, native of Compiègne, named Barnabas, who went among the villages doing feats of strength and skill. On market days he would spread out on the public square an old carpet very much worn, and, after having attracted the children and the gazing bumpkins by some suitable pleasantries which he had adopted from an old juggler and which he never changed at all, he would assume grotesque attitudes and balance a plate on his nose.

The crowd at first looked at him with indifference. But when, standing on his hands with his head downward, he tossed in the air six copper balls which glittered in the sun, and caught them again with his feet; or when, by bending backward until his neck touched his heels, he gave his body the form of a perfect wheel, and in that posture juggled with twelve knives, a murmur of admiration rose from the onlookers, and pieces of money rained upon the carpet.

However, like the majority of those who live by their talents, Barnabas of Compiègne had much difficulty in living. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his part of the miseries connected with the fall of Adam, our father. Moreover, he was unable to work as much as he would have wished. In order to show off his fine accomplishment, he needed the warmth of the sun and the light of day, just as do the trees in order to produce their blossoms and fruits.

In winter he was nothing more than a tree despoiled of its foliage and to appearance dead. The frozen earth was hard for the juggler. And, like the grasshopper of which Marie of France tells, he suffered from cold and from hunger in the bad season. But, since he possessed a simple heart, he bore his ills in patience.

He had never reflected upon the origin of riches, nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that, if this world is evil, the other cannot fail to be good, and this hope sustained him. He did not imitate the thieving mountebanks and miscreants who have sold their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed the name of God; he lived honestly, and, although he had no wife, he did not covet his neighbor's, for woman is the enemy of strong men, as appears from the history of Samson, which is reported in the Scriptures.

In truth, he had not a spirit which turned to carnal desires, and it would have cost him more to renounce the jugs than the women. For, although without failing in sobriety, he loved to drink when it was warm. He was a good man, fearing God and very devout toward the Holy Virgin. He never failed, when he entered a church, to kneel before the image of the Mother of God and address to her this prayer: "Madame, take care of my life until it may please God that I die, and when I am dead, cause me to have the joys of paradise."

II

Well, then, on a certain evening after a day of rain, while he was walking, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, and seeking for some barn in which he might lie down supperless, he saw on the road a monk who was traveling the same way, and saluted him decorously. As they were walking at an equal pace, they began to exchange remarks.

"Comrade," said the monk, "how comes it that you are habited all in green? Is it not for the purpose of taking the character of a fool in some mystery-play?"

"Not for that purpose, father," responded Barnabas. "Such as you see me, I am named Barnabas, and I'm

by calling a juggler. It would be the most beautiful occupation in the world if one could eat every day."

"Friend Barnabas," replied the monk, "take care what you say. There is no more beautiful calling than the monastic state. Therein one celebrates the praises of God, the Virgin, and the saints, and the life of a monk is a perpetual canticle to the Lord."

Barnabas answered:

"Father, I confess that I have spoken like an ignoramus. Your calling may not be compared with mine, and, although there is some merit in dancing while holding on the tip of the nose a coin balanced on a stick, this merit does not approach yours. I should like very well to sing every day, as you do, Father, the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a particular devotion. I would right willingly renounce my calling, in which I am known from Soissons to Beauvais, in more than six hundred towns and villages, in order to embrace the monastic life."

The monk was touched by the simplicity of the juggler, and, as he did not lack discernment, he recognized in Barnabas one of those men of good purpose whereof our Lord said: "Let peace abide with them on earth!" This is why he replied to him:

"Friend Barnabas, come with me, and I will enable you to enter the monastery of which I am the prior. He who conducted Mary the Egyptian through the desert has placed me on your path to lead you in the way of salvation."

This is how Barnabas became a monk.

In the monastery where he was received, the brethren emulously solemnized the cult of the Holy Virgin, and each one employed in her service all the knowledge and all the ability which God had given him.

The prior, for his part, composed books which, according to the rules of scholasticism, treated of the virtues of the Mother of God.

Friar Maurice with a learned hand copied these dissertations on leaves of vellum.

Friar Alexander painted fine miniatures, wherein one could see the Queen of Heaven seated upon the throne of Solomon, at the foot of which four lions kept vigil. Around her haloed head fluttered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit: gifts of fear, piety, science, might, counsel, intelligence, and wisdom. She had for companions six golden-haired Virgins: Humility, Prudence, Retirement, Respect, Virginity, and Obedience. At her feet two small figures, nude and quite white, were standing in a suppliant attitude. They were souls who implored her all-powerful intercession for their salvation—and certainly not in vain.

On another page Friar Alexander represented Eve gazing upon Mary, so that thus one might see at the same time the sin and the redemption, the woman humiliated and the Virgin exalted. Furthermore, in this book one might admire the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the closed Garden which is spoken of in the Canticle, the Gate of Heaven and the Seat of God, and there were also several images of the Virgin.

Friar Marbode was, similarly, one of the most affectionate children of Mary. He carved images in stone without ceasing, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes were perpetually swollen and tearful; but he was full of strength and joy in his advanced age, and, visibly, the Queen of Paradise protected the old age of her child. Marbode represented her seated on a bishop's throne, her brow encircled by a nimbus whose orb was of pearls, and he took pains that the folds of her robe should cover the feet of one of whom the prophet said: "My beloved is like a closed garden."

At times, also, he gave her the features of a child full of grace, and she seemed to say: "Lord, thou art my

Lord!"—"Dixit de ventre matris meae: Deus meus es tu." (Psalm 21, 11.)

They had also in the monastery several poets, who composed, in Latin, both prose and hymns in honor of the most happy Virgin Mary, and there was even found one Picardian who set forth the miracles of Our-Lady in ordinary language and in rhymed verses.

III

Seeing such a concourse of praises and such a beautiful in-gathering of works, Barnabas lamented to himself his ignorance and his simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed as he walked along in the little garden of the covenant, "I am very unfortunate not to be able, like my brothers, to praise worthily the Holy Mother of God to whom I have pledged the tenderness of my heart. Alas! Alas! I am a rude and artless man, and I have for your service, Madam de Virgin, neither edifying sermons, nor tracts properly divided according to the rules, nor fine paintings, nor statues exactly sculptured, nor verses counted by feet and marching in measure. I have nothing, alas!"

He moaned in this manner and abandoned himself to sadness.

One night that the monks were recreating by conversing, he heard one of them relate the history of a religious who did not know how to recite anything but the Ave Maria. This monk was disdained for his ignorance; but, having died, there came forth from his lips five roses in honor of the five letters in the name of Maria, and his sanctity was thus manifested.

While listening to this recital Barnabas admired once again the bounty of the Virgin; but he was not consoled by the example of that happy death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he desired to serve the glory of his Lady who was in Heaven. He sought the means without being able to find them, and every day he grieved the more.

One morning, however, having awakened full of joy, he ran to the chapel and stayed there alone for more than an hour. He returned there after dinner. And beginning from that moment he went every day into the chapel at the hour when it was deserted, and there he passed a large part of the time which the other monks consecrated to the liberal and the mechanical arts. No more was he sad and no longer did he complain.

A conduct so singular aroused the curiosity of the monks. They asked themselves in the community why Friar Barnabas made his retreats so frequent.

The Prior, whose duty it is to ignore nothing in the conduct of his monks, resolved to observe Barnabas during his solitudes. One day that he was closeted in the chapel as his custom was, Dom Prior went, accompanied by two elders of the monastery, to observe through the windows of the door what was going on in the interior.

They saw Barnabas, who—before the altar of the Holy Virgin, head downward feet in air—was juggling with six brass balls and twelve knives. He was doing in honor of the Holy Mother of God the feats which had brought to him the most applause. Not comprehending that this simple man was thus placing his talent and his knowledge at the service of the Holy Virgin, the two elders cried out at the sacrilege.

The Prior understood that Barnabas had an innocent heart; but he thought that he had fallen into dementia. All three were preparing to drag him vigorously from the chapel when they saw the Holy Virgin descend the steps of the altar in order to wipe with a fold of her blue mantle the sweat which burst from the brow of her juggler.

Then the Prior, prostrating his face against the marble slabs, recited these words:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

"Amen," responded the elders as they kissed the earth. [Translated from the French of Anatol France by J. Berg Esenwein.]

Social & Personal

Despite the urgings of her many friends, Miss Sallie McFarland, whose wedding to Mr. Paul Grimm is set for June 3, will accept no pre-nuptial affairs.

Half a dozen guests enjoyed the dinner given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith of Kingsley Drive. Coreopsis and other blossoms decked the table where covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Elasser and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover.

Mrs. Charles Monroe is entertaining this afternoon with an informal luncheon for twelve guests in honor of Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys.

Mrs. Harold Brenton of Pennsylvania, who is visiting in Los Angeles, was the honored guest at the tea danced given Wednesday afternoon by Miss Katherine Torrance and Mr. Lewis Torrance at their home on Kenmore avenue. Thursday evening Mrs. Brenton was the guest of honor at the dinner dance given by Mr. Torrance Welch at the Valley Hunt club in Pasadena.

President and Mrs. George Finley Board have issued invitations for the annual reception to the senior class of the University of Southern California. It will take place at the Ebell Clubhouse, the evening of June 5.

In honor of Miss Lucy Smith, whose engagement to Mr. Edward L. Doheny, Jr., was an interesting tidbit for society, Mrs. Frank Powell of Chester Place will give a bridge luncheon for one hundred the afternoon of June 3.

Miss Katherine Ramsay and Miss Marjorie Ramsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Ramsay of Western avenue, have been visiting in San Francisco.

Two hundred guests gathered in the gardens of the J. B. Lippincott home on West Adams street Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Lippincott gave a tea party in compliment to Mr. Bruce Nelson, the noted artist, who is here from Monterey.

In honor of Miss Eleanor Sutch and Mr. Norman Jack, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Cline, Jr., gave a dinner dance Monday evening at the home of Mr. Cline's parents at Wilshire and Sunset place. The dinner was served at small tables arranged along the walls, and the centerpieces were fragrant masses of lilies of the valley, white sweet pease, tulle and little white doves. Covers were laid for forty, and between courses and after dinner, the dancing was enjoyed.

About twenty young people enjoyed the dinner dance given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. D. Radford of West Adams street in compliment to Miss Margaret Miller and Mr. Everett Bennett.

Twilight weddings have been the rule this week and one of the most brilliant was that of Wednesday evening which united Miss Blanche Woodhead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead of Hollywood boulevard to Mr. Howard Warren. The Rev. J. Arthur Evans read the service. The bride wore a robe of white charmeuse, made with a long train, and trimmed with pearls and duchesse lace. The conventional tulle veil was worn, and the bridal bouquet was of orchids and lilies of the valley. The only attendant was Miss Florence Woodhead in blue and gold crepe, with touches of lace. She carried yellow roses and lilies of the valley. Mr. Frank Gard served as best man. The house was fragrant with

many blossoms, and the supper tables, laid in the gardens, were beautiful with cut flowers and quaint favors. After the ceremony a reception was held for five hundred friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren slipped away for their honeymoon. They will live at the Woodhead ranch in San Jacinto.

Mrs. Frederick Hicks, of New York city, who is the daughter of Mrs. H. W. R. Strong of this city and the Rancho del Fuerte, Whittier, will terminate a pleasant visit to Los Angeles, planning to be in New York by June 1. With her small daughter she has been the guest of relatives and friends for several months. Last Saturday she was joined by Mr. Hicks, who will return with her to the east. Sunday afternoon they were the honored guests at the informal reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason at their beautiful new home on Andrews boulevard.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Willits J. Hole of West Sixth street entertained with the second of a series of luncheons which she is giving. Masses of roses decorated the tables. Next Friday Mrs. Hole is giving a similar affair, and the afternoon of June 5 she is to entertain for Miss Margaret Bennett. Mrs. Hole's daughter, Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, has as house guests the Misses Miriam and Florence Shimer of Pennsylvania. They are well known in this city, having visited here at the time of the Hole-Rindge wedding.

Only the very young folk were permitted to enjoy the dancing party given last evening at Kramer's by the Junior Dancing Club, which is composed of the boys and girls who are still in school. The patronesses for the occasion were Mrs. Joseph Banning, Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, Mrs. John T. Griffith, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. W. T. Johnston, Mrs. Richard Lacy, Mrs. Walter Lindley, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, Mrs. Jonathan R. Scott, Mrs. Shirley C. Ward, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. George Wigmore, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine and Mrs. Boyle Workman.

At the Church of the Angels, in Garvanza, Miss Eleanor Sutch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sutch, became the bride of Mr. Norman Jack Tuesday evening at twilight. The bride wore a robe of white taffeta draped with point lace. A little bonnet of lace and an armful of lilies of the valley completed the picture. Mrs. Cleves Harrison, herself a bride of the season, was matron of honor in a gown of yellow taffeta with trimming of lace, and she carried an armful of yellow blossoms. Mrs. William Henry Cline and Miss Mary Grant, the other attendants, wore yellow taffeta draped with lavender chiffon and carried lavender sweet pease. Mr. Harry Jack served as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Cleves Harrison, William Henry Cline, Jr., and Mr. Earl Holland. The church was beautiful with lavender sweet pease and yellow coreopsis, and the home, where supper was served, was graced with orchids and coreopsis. Mr. and Mrs. Jack are on their honeymoon in the north, and on their return will be at home at 538 Van Ness avenue.

Mrs. Edward Silent has planned several bridge teas, and her first was given Monday afternoon at her home on Severance street. The guests included Mrs. Jack Foster and her house guest, Mrs. Robert Haase of Minneapolis, Mrs. E. S. Rowley, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Victor E. Shaw, Mrs. George F. Beveridge, Mrs. H. E. Sharpe,



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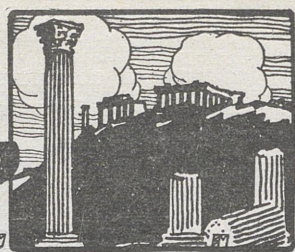
motored to the home of the bride's parents for dinner. White and pink roses and lilies of the valley were used in the decorations. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are in San Francisco for their honeymoon, expecting to return about the middle of June.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and children and Miss Aileen McCarthy have gone to San Francisco to enjoy a brief season of gayety with friends in the northern city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Arthur Somers will be at home to their friends after June 1 at 2310 Juliet street.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

American and European Painters—Museum Gallery of Fine Arts.
Senefelder Club—Museum Gallery of Fine Arts.
Ernest Bruce Nelson—Reynolds Gallery.
E. W. Townsley—Friday Morning Club.

I have recently made an important discovery, one that I am not altogether sure that I shall profit by. I have found out, quite by chance, that in introducing in print a new and hitherto unknown painter it is necessary to classify his art in order not to be utterly misunderstood by the public. In this particular I suppose I must be literal and say her art, for it was through the medium of Henrietta M. Shore's work that I uncovered the truth. Now, as a matter of cold fact, I am not greatly concerned whether Whistler was an impressionist or a whirling dervish, and ditto Miss Shore. My public expects better things of me and that the "winter of our discontent may be made glorious summer," etc., I will try hereafter to fill all requirements as interlocutor between the long-suffering painter and the people who dote on art and who never buy even a color reproduction.

I have had seventeen telephone calls in the last week asking who, why, and what is this Bruce Nelson who is showing landscapes at the Reynolds gallery. Dutiful reviewer that I am, I have duly investigated. The wail has gone up that no one has divulged the secret regarding Miss Shore's method and now I am asked to define Nelson's treatment. Because he has been falsely accused of being a cubist I am bound to shield him from slander if nothing more. And just to show you how well our local art lovers read the news sheets and what use they make of their eyes and brains when they prime themselves to fare forth and invade art circles, I cannot refrain from recounting an incident that occurred at the Reynolds gallery one morning this week. A heavily upholstered visitor, richly and regardlessly gowned in the latest mode, entered with a friend of imposing proportions. After smelling several canvases Mrs. X. said to Mrs. Y., "My dear, what is your candid opinion of this new art?" "Well," demanded Mrs. Y., "what is she, a cubist?" I was so completely overcome that I could not remain for the verdict.

Now, as a plain statement of truth, Mr. Nelson is as near a cubist as he is an impressionist, and he is so far from being the latter that I presume it won't matter much if you accuse him of being the former. Nelson is not an impressionist in any sense of the word. Now that I have told you what he is not, I must, according to orders, divulge the secret and tell you what he is. This is a far simpler task than I imagined it would be. Nelson is an expressionist, and as such is absolutely in a class by himself in the west. In fact, I have never encountered a technique quite like that employed by this young painter. It is loose without being lax, flexible but not willy nilly, yielding without losing any of its force or directness. Nelson paints landscapes and shore marines, not merely as physical things. He does not pamper nature and yet he never argues or demands her to obey. He does not woo as a lover, but rules and worships as a husbandman. There is much of real poetry in his handling, but little or no sentimentality. There is rare evidence

of a certain nervous vitality in his brush work that is a bit of a surprise to those who know something of the man. That is to say, that what we know is only what seems to be and is not so at all. How revealing is the work of any artist! Only those who know the language are privileged to read back of the barrier of conventions, disguised personality and self-suppressed expression. We are all cowards to public opinion. Afraid to be natural lest the world and his wife may talk. The painter, the writer, or the composer may successfully pull the wool over our eyes in public or in social intercourse, but turn them loose in his workshop and we get the real man through the medium of his work. True, undisguised, full-souled—for good or evil, false or true. I wonder if we are all a Dr. Jekyll or a Mr. Hyde, commented a friend. Ah, yes, we are more than that; we are all the seven men that Hamlet was.

I haven't studied Nelson's catalogue, nor have I any mind to do so. I care not a whit where this lovely upland was sketched or upon what moor he found the pines of Lowery. His sea is world-old and the rocks are as ancient as the sun. We know at a glance that many of the favorite subjects are California, but this fact is not so important as the elemental forces that combine to link them to all the experiences of nature, past and present and future. The painter sees his eternal kinship to all universal phenomena and gives us not only the glory of the west but the mystery of far lands and the vast songs of the sky. It is gratifying to note that Nelson is still experimental—his future hope lies in this one direction. The man who stops or is content to follow one path never finds the City Set on the Hill. I could go on and give you a detailed and hackneyed account of the hows and whys of each of the score of canvases in the catalogue, but I have a much bigger thing in mind to send home to you. I want to moralize a little upon Nelson's art and make you see the message it has for the true believer. Bear with me.

On every street corner we are being warned that there is something wrong with modern art. We are assured by no less personage than Henry James that we are at the end of an art age. Being both modest and graceful by nature, I dislike to disagree with the honorable Henry; but facts are facts and we can not get away from the truth that we are just on the threshold of an art age. The spellbinder who lectures to clubs declares that "something must be done to preserve the aroma of the spirit of the art of the dead masters." Something is being done. We are sealing up the said "spirit" in airtight glass cases that posterity may visit the sepulchers and see if the dead have died in vain. Some tell us that American art is O. K. Fearlessly assuming that there is such a thing as an American school, let us no longer listen to the voice of the prophets but turn to the wilder pleasures and lend ear only to the voice of the charmer. The charmer in this case is the silver-tongued critic who sings songs and strews garlands before the chariot. All art is "just grand" and every one who paints is "a true artist." I do assume, and I think, safely, that this brand of "art fudge" is widely received. Now, if art is let alone, that is to say, if it survives "study clubs" and "culture classes," it will triumph eventu-

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ally. Some assert that American painters are far too healthy to paint great canvases, and on the other hand we are told that the radicals abroad are too sickly, so we are at a loss for a proper balance.

Art is not photography out of doors, nor is art intellectual myopia. But may I suggest that romance may be blood-guiltily as realism. The question at once arises, should art be true to life? It should, in the relation of life to nature, but not imitatively true and of course not geographical. Art is all life, and as such it must interpret and by so doing prove that there is an art truth higher than natural truth. Here is where Nelson comes into his own. He has been able to do some of this and if I mistake not he will in the near future be able to say a great deal on this subject. The new art is an established fact. Today, the purpose of the genuine artist is not to amuse, but to interpret the truth. To lie to you is not art. To guess what follows is not art. To misdirect you, lead you down blind alleys is not art. Art is to make the truth of here-and-now dramatically and movingly clear to you. Study Nelson's show at the Reynolds gallery and find the solution to my enigma.

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Cheaters



By Caroline Reynolds

"The Argyle Case" is a very bad play, but there are thrills in it sufficient to tickle the spine of the most inveterate "Nick Carter" devotee. It is as crudely developed as an old-fashioned melodrama, like "The Sign of the Four" or others of the Sherlock Holmes ilk. The humor is a thing to make the listener tear his hair. It is dragged in willy-nilly, incongruously with the action. There is enough hysteria in it to supply half a dozen problem dramas. In the first act the maid and the mistress—especially the latter—fairly tear the atmosphere to shreds, and in the third and last acts the "heavy" and the woman in the case each takes a turn at emotional pyrotechnics. But "The Argyle Case" will gather in the duets where many a better play will be greeted with scanty houses. The Mason Opera House will probably be filled all week with audiences intent on getting a thrill. And Robert Hilliard, who plays the ubiquitous detective in the case, will go on playing his part so obviously and so well that he will succeed in making Asche Kayton seem like a human being. Mr. Hilliard is a good actor, far from subtle, but with all the superficial traits that go to make for success. There is a large company, all inclined to over-emphasis, especially among the women. Stella Archer has a beautiful voice, but she places too much reliance on it, so that even her "yes" takes on the portentous quality of a tragic declamation. Olive Oliver is guilty of the same indiscretion. Edwin Redding makes a hit as the humorous Joe, and Gustav von Seyffertitz as Dr. Kreisler gave an impression of the German counterfeiter that haunts one with its sadness. There are innumerable small parts all performed with the fervor of mellow drama.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Orpheumites were promised a thrill this week, but, as usual, great expectations met with great disappointment. The "Neptune's Garden" turn has been touted as a wonderful illusion, something to make the blasé sit up with interest, but it does not live up to its press agenting. The wondrous feat of divers disappearing into a great tank and then coming up in different costumes holds no thrill. The tank is sunk in such a way that the audience gets practically no view of it, so there is no mystery. The action is slow, and while the posing of the statues is good, even this effect is spoiled by the sight of the poor creatures coming up afterward from the water, dripping in ugly gilt costumes that look hugely uncomfortable and ungraceful. To be sure, there are one or two nymphs who wear nothing but union suits, but that sort of display is no longer a novelty to theatergoers. Alice Eis, the dancer, apparently doesn't even wear that much—her attire consisting of a scarlet automobile veil and a wisp of black silk. The best part of the act is the dive of the black clad nymph from a high-hung ladder. Harry Gilfoil returns with his characterization of the old New York clubman. There is something vaguely offensive about Gilfoil's picture of the old rake. It is not Gilfoil's intent to make it so, but the picture of an old, white-haired man in such an environment does not appeal. His imitations of birds and beasts and automobile horns are clever things and bring him a hearty round of applause. Ruth Royce copies her act after that of Ray Samuels, the blue streak of ragtime,

but Miss Royce has not that elusive little touch of personality that makes her rival such a success. Van Hoven, the dippy magician, needs the censor. Not for anything risqué in his act, but because he drags it out interminably and it is so dully uninteresting. His two small boy assistants outshine him utterly. Ben Deely's antics and songs carry a commonplace act, "The New Bell Boy," but neither the hard work of Nick Hufford, nor the dimples of Dell Chain can carry their turn. David Bispham remains over with a new program, and Alice Eis still dances.

Offerings For Next Week

Although it was the original intention to run "Stop Thief" another week, this pleasant farce will be withdrawn from the Burbank boards Saturday night, and Sunday afternoon Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama, "The Dawn of Tomorrow," will be put on, with Selma Paley in the character of Dawn, played here originally by Gertrude Elliott, wife of Forbes Robertson. While this play is styled "a dream in four acts" it is a vivid presentation of the doctrine of optimism, and the diversity of opinion it has aroused has made it food for many discussions. As the little Cockney girl who lifts a despondent, melancholy "toff" from the slough of despond, reclaims her lover, and goes through the tawdry depths of London like a ray of sunshine, Selma Paley will have her biggest opportunity. Forrest Stanley, Richard Vivian, and other popular members of the stock company will have congenial roles.

Two headliners for the Orpheum next week. Master Gabriel, the pocket edition comedian, is a finished actor, despite his few inches, and brings a new sketch with him, as well as a big supporting company. Annette Woodman and Guy Livingstone will give exhibitions of the tango, the maxixe, the hesitation waltz and other ball room dances. The Monita five consists of a quintette of grand opera singers who play no fewer than a dozen musical instruments, which they combine with vocal music. Sidney Jarvis, late a Cohan star, with Virginia Date, will offer a new line of songs and clever dances, and Nick Verga, "the newsboy Caruso," who was discovered singing his wares, will be heard in selected numbers. The holdovers include the big act, "Neptune's Garden," with its living statues, dances, music, and diving girls; Harry Gilfoil as Baron Sands and Ben Deely and company in "The New Bell Boy."

For the remainder of this week, including Sunday, the program at Miller's Ninth, Spring and Main Street Theater will have as its chief attraction the big three-reel political story, "Mongrel and Master." This drama of city life and politics is a preachment against graft and crookedness. Rapley Holmes, who plays the part of the "Boss," created the role of Horrigan in "The Man of the Hour." The comedy will be furnished by John Bunney in a farce, "Bunny Buys a Harem." Monday's big picture is "War Is Hell," depicting the desolation raged by the most modern destructive agents. The latest section of "The Perils of Pauline" will also be given.

Thursday evening, May 28, the local chapter of the Drama League will present three Irish plays, as well as a discussion of the Irish Drama by Mr. Clinton K. Judy. The plays and players are: The Amateur Players in Yeats'

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"A Pot o' Broth," the Civic Theater League players in "The Shadow of the Glen," by Synge; and the Playgoers' Society in "The Flax." This last is a playlet by Miss Marjorie Driscoll of Pasadena, which was recently produced at the College Women's Club with great success.

May Fete at Workman Residence

Society folk will enter with keen interest into the enjoyment of the big May fete which is to be given this afternoon and evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Workman, 357 Boyle avenue, by the Brownson House Settlement Association. There will be many attractions provided for the entertainment of the guests, principal of which will be the dancing and the vaudeville show. Miss Gertrude Workman is to be in charge of the latter, which will be given as a continuous performance throughout the afternoon and evening. There will be four separate and complete bills. Assisting Miss Workman will be the Misses Alma and Dora Holmes. Among the best of the many clever features will be the female impersonations given by Mr. Dick Morgan, a well known Stanford star, while another specialty will be the Harry Lauder impersonations by Mr. James Patten, also a popular Stanford player. With Mr. Garrett Winne's assistance, Miss Gertrude Workman will present a bright sketch, called "The Silent System." It was in this one act play that Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott formerly appeared. Monologues and readings will be given by Miss Maude Howell, Miss Dora Holmes, Mr. A. C. Dezendorf and Miss Grace Seward. Mr. Wesley Ruggles will be leader of a quartet, whose other members will be Messrs. Charles Reynolds, Walter Reynolds and Art Wells. Others who will contribute to the song program will include Miss Ethel Shrader, Miss Gladys Percey, Miss Mabelle Beringer and Miss Esther Liversidge. Accompanists will be Mrs. W. H. Workman, Jr., and Miss Lucy Howell. Hawaiian and American songs with ukulele accompaniment will be rendered by a bevy of young women under the leadership of Miss Donna Amsden. Among those assisting will be Misses Ruth Hutchinson, Greta Hazzard and Adela Fortin, local girls who are attending Stanford University. Dancing will be made a special feature of the programs. Miss Carmelita Rosecrans and Mr. Will Rosecrans will give an exhibition of ballroom dancing, in which they will demonstrate many of the latest and most popular steps. A French dance will be presented by the Misses Katherine and Virginia Reynolds of Cumnook school and several children from other schools will entertain with fancy dancing. Mr. Thomas E. Workman is to be stage manager and among

those assisting will be Misses Ruth Murietta, Arri Rottman, Lucy Howell, Nina Moise, Ruth Keller, Gertrude Shafer, Genevieve Shafer, Gladys Holmes, Eugenia Shafer, Dorothy Shafer, Elizabeth Workman, Laura Boyakin, Eleanor Boyakin; Mmes. K. F. Bickham, L. Multer, N. H. Speake and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Masson. Hours for the fete will be from 2 to 6 and from 8 to 11 o'clock. The festivities are open to the general public and a nominal admission charge will be made.

We Attend to Our Own Heroes

New York Times: One of our correspondents wants to know—not in entire sincerity, perhaps—why such honors are paid here to the American soldiers and mariners who were killed in the taking of Vera Cruz, while none of us has a good word to say for those who fell in the unsuccessful defense of that city from the alien invaders. The reasons are obvious enough: We praise those who lost their lives in our service, and for the present, naturally, leave to the Mexican, whose powers of eulogy, as of denunciation, are adequate for any task, to name and treat as heroes those to whom they may think themselves indebted. And if we haven't praised the Mexicans—and others—who shot our men, at least we have expressed no bitterness, and felt none, against the Mexican soldiers who did the shooting. Even the civilian "snipers," though they were put to death when caught with weapons hot in their hands, have not been very savagely characterized. Their conduct is calmly taken as a phase of war to be expected in the circumstances, and the object of the executions was to stop rather than to punish it. The American and Mexican privates have shown no personal unfriendliness at their occasional meetings between the lines. Opposing soldiers rarely do, except in the heat of battle.

To Make One Song

To make one song whose simple strain
Shall soothe the sad heart's secret pain,
And leave a balm of gladness where
Had lurked the poison of despair;
Ah! who would not for that refrain
Give over glory's fair domain,
And all the greedy gold of gain?
If this its gift, who would forbear
To make one song?

To make one song the wearied brain
Shall welcome and shall aye retain
As something ever sweet and fair
To still the deadly throeb of care!
What higher meed could worth attain—
To make one song.

—RAY CLARKE ROSE.

Mexico's Struggle for Freedom--II

JUST another citation from the vivid story of the struggle of the Mexican people to achieve their freedom—which De Lara and Pinchon have told so graphically in their book "The Mexican People," published by Doubleday, Page & Co. In a previous installment the efforts of the dictator Diaz to accomplish the spiritual blindness of a free people were recounted. Say the authors:

"As a step toward creating this condition of affairs Diaz suppressed the teaching of the constitution in the schools. A little later he suppressed the schools themselves, except those in the larger cities. And as a result education became once more the exclusive monopoly of the wealthier classes. Juarez had established the teaching of the constitution in all the schools from the lowest to the highest, and under his regime it had been the common practice for the peasants to hire school boys to read its articles to them, and to repeat what they had learned about it in the schools. In that manner a pretty thorough knowledge of the constitution and all that it implied became widely disseminated among even the most illiterate. A people possessed of a full knowledge of its rights is no easy subject for enslavement. Diaz recognized this, and while hypocritically retaining the constitution on paper, even expressing a reverence for it in public, he utterly abrogated it in practice and destroyed the very knowledge of it from among the people.

"Following swiftly upon the suppression of the teaching of the constitution came the destruction of the free ballot, of free assembly, of free speech. The eyes of the people were put out. During this regime all the hideous crimes perpetrated by the government against individuals and against whole communities of the people were wrapped in the darkest secrecy. The victims of Papantla know only their own wrongs; they knew nothing of the wrongs of Tomochic, of Sonora, of Orizaba, of Cananea. Thus they writhed in their bonds, dumb, impotent, blind, unable to find utterance, unable to effect concerted action, unable to see what had befallen them.

"But the people of Mexico, though bound and shackled, never submitted tamely for one moment to this quenching of the light in their eyes. History bears no record of a more heroic or more useless resistance. Crimes unceasing, sinister and bloody were committed by the Diaz government in its efforts to throttle the indignant utterances of the people; and for every martyr that fell a new hero sprang to take his place. Imprisonment or death awaited the man or woman who wrote or spoke the truth about the conditions obtaining in Mexico. Newspapers which dared to express even a mild protest against the actions of the government were raided, their printing plants wrecked, and their editors and writers were thrown into dungeons of filthy horror, there to rot, go blind, or mad. Radical writers left their homes never to return, kidnapped or stabbed to death in the dark.

"In the fall of 1892, in the city of Pachuca, in the state of Hidalgo, Simon Cravioto, the governor of the state, arrested a newspaper man named Santa Maria, who had dared to attack the iniquitous policies of the government, and burned him alive at the stake. Olmos y Conteras, another Liberal publicist, while walking on the street with his wife and children, was murdered in broad daylight by policemen, acting under the instruction of the governor of Puebla, Mucio Martinez. Scores of newspaper men who had gallantly protested against the wholesale butchery of people were walled up in the noisome dungeons of Belem in Mexico City, to rot in mud and excre-

ment. That magnificent intellectual, Jesus Carrion, a noted cartoonist of the day, and a worthy grandson of that peon hero, Pipila, who, with a flat stone on his back, set fire to the door of the castle of Granaditas in the time of Hidalgo, was one of these. When finally released he came forth blind, dying of pneumonia, and with whole portions of his body gnawed away by the rats. Thousands of brave men and women, the very flower of the nation, and the intellectual leaders of the mass, suffered unspeakable torture and death for endeavoring to save the light in the eyes of the people. Were we so minded we could fill hundreds of pages with these recitals. Let this be sufficient.

"Meanwhile, the subsidized press maintained a ceaseless panegyric of the Dictator. Then were uttered all those encomiums upon the character of Porfirio Diaz which the American people, and indeed the whole civilized world, have since adopted as articles of faith. Millions of dollars was expended not only to create and sustain a powerful "Diaz-Myth" and to defame the common people, but systematically to debauch every youthful Mexican intellectual of promise.

"In the University of Mexico luxurious quarters for the students were erected and supported by Jose Yves Limantour, the treasurer of the Diaz government, where a middle-class student could live in comparative splendor on ten dollars a month! Here he was taught to ridicule the constitution, to despise the common people, and here he was systematically trained to believe that the only path to success was to worship Diaz, to model himself on the supporters and politicians of the governing clique, forget his reason and his soul, and become an accomplished scoundrel.

"This system of poisoning the spirit of the nation at its source was so far successful that there is scarcely an intellectual in Mexico today whose entire theory of life is not to be treacherous, and conscienceless, and rascally as possible. Scarcely one has even a superficial knowledge of the great social problems pressing for solution. In addition to this the subsidized press and hired publicists unceasingly represented Diaz to the Mexican people as the idol of foreign governments and nations, openly boasting that any disobedience and resistance to him on their part would be summarily dealt with by the United States army.

"Not for a moment did the Mexican people peaceably submit to Diaz; but in face of the tremendous odds against them their resistance was futile. Deep in their hearts they cherished the thought of another revolution—some day perhaps when Diaz should die. Meanwhile, in spite of their hunger, misery, slavery, and ignorance, little by little they were recouping from the disastrous aftermath of the French intervention, until the day came, in 1910, when the knowledge of their power broke upon them, and they burst forth in the second Ayutla, whose end is not yet."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 6, 1914.

011775. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of June, 1914, at 9:00 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Nine Zanetta Lacroq, of Topango, California; George Crosby Tucker, Charles Edwin Carrell, Ferrin Sale Trowbridge, all of Calabasas, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 8, 1914.

021109. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that William D. McConnell, whose post-office address is 1639 Gower St., Hollywood, California, did, on the 2nd day of December, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021109, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone at \$50.00 and the land at \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal. 019957.
NOTICE is hereby given that Floyd B. Calvert, whose post-office address is 1317 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal., did, on the 25th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019957, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of August, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 20th, 1914.

Non-coal. 020471.
NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Shirley, whose post-office address is 2214 3rd street, Santa Monica, Cal., did on the 6th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020471, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00, and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 4th day of August, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Calif.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
May 19, 1914.

023101. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Stepanek, whose post-office address is 1812 E. 64th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 25th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023101, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of July, 1914, at 11:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

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The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 6, 1914.

Orig. 013491. Addn'l 015422. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris of Westgate, California, who, on July 3, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013491, for Lot 5, Sec. 31, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. M. and on April 28, 1912, made additional homestead entry No. 015422, for the N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 31, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 25th day of June, 1914, at 9 a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lewis K. Harris, of Westgate, Cal.; Jacob Horton, of Soldiers' Home, Cal.; Albert Q. Perry, of Westgate, Cal.; Ernest J. Douglas, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

021631. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Albert C. Amet, whose post-office address is Box 1373, Ocean Park, California, did, on the 26th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021631, to purchase the N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$200.00; the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Books

However much one may pride oneself on that self-possession and reticence that according to the English ideal should veil one's private life and secret thoughts, one is always delighted at finding some other man downright and decided in opinion unashamedly confessing himself before the world. Memoirs are the dernier cri in literature, and the more intimately they discover the author's most private life and the foibles of the author's friends, the more popular they are. The models in this kind are old: Boswell for the ruthless prying biographer, Rousseau for the shameless self-confessor. The standard is not nowadays often reached, but with George Moore's new work we are given a present day edition of the eighteenth century Boswell-Rousseau that surpasses its prototypes.

George Moore has been in his novels a pungent, even revolting medicine for this age still delicate after the refinement of Mrs. Grundy's young ladies' seminary where it attended school. This age has not yet entered into the heritage of fearless inquiry and calm dissection offered it by the growth of the scientific attitude; there is still among us some repugnance against fooling with facts. Zola, after a brief and limited popularity and persecution is passing; Dostoevsky has taken no hold on the English-speaking people; Gorky is practically unknown to us. It is not surprising, then, that novels like "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes" are "not read." And if Mr. Moore has been frowned on as being a little too free, he may, even in this autobiography, be avoided. But what cares he? He is accustomed to being unpopular, and now pursues his way, honest, enthusiastic, frank, unblushing.

"Hail and Farewell: Ave, Salve, Vale;" in three volumes Mr. Moore traces his history from 1894 when he was living in London, to 1913 when he revisited grudgingly and for the last time his estate Moore Hall. And continually he interpolates reminiscences of his youth as the vagaries of an active imagination suggest them. The origin of the book is told in "Vale," and is so characteristic of Moore that a quotation is irresistible:

"Ever since the day that I strayed into my garden and it had been revealed to me as I walked therein that Catholics had not written a book worth reading since the Reformation, my belief had never faltered that I was an instrument in the hands of the gods, and that their mighty purpose was the liberation of my country from priestcraft. But seemingly they had forgotten to put a spear in my hand and a buckler on my arm, and for many months I had stood perplexed, but never doubting. I knew there was no preacher in me, and therefore had striven to fashion a story and then a play, but the artist in me could not be suborned. Davitt came with a project for a newspaper, but he died; and I had begun to lose patience, to lose spirit, and to mutter, 'I am without hands to smite,' and such-like, until one day on coming in from the garden, the form which the book should take was revealed to me. 'But an autobiography,' I said, 'is an unusual form for a sacred book.' My doubts quenched a moment after in a memory of Paul, and the next day the dictation of the rough outline from the Temple to Moore Hall was begun, and from that outline, decided upon in a week of inspiration, I have never strayed."

This passage well illustrates the intimate quality of the whole book.

Moore talks about himself as frankly as about another, yet one now and then is baffled by the insidious feeling that he is not quite sincere. He seems to see himself too clearly to be perfectly serious. There is a pervasive comic spirit moving throughout the whole; the man is obviously an artist. Sacred book? Why no other but Shaw would have the effrontery to call such a revelation as Hail and Farewell a sacred book. Yet he means it, too, in a way. Moore has the fine gift for saying serious things in a playful manner. One reads him fascinated, earnest, till suddenly one laughs aloud at some delicious and surprising turn of thought or phrase.

Quite inimitable is the slow humor of his tale of an early visit to Lady Gregory in London. He called one afternoon just as W. E. H. Lecky was going, and found Lady Gregory very much pleased with herself. And her pleasure was heightened when Sir Edwin Arnold was announced. The poet was given the center of the stage, and Moore was hardly allowed to be audience. "And when Sir Edwin rose to go she produced a fan and asked him to write his name upon one of the sticks. But she did not ask me to write my name, though at that time I had written not only 'A Modern Lover,' but also 'A Mummer's Wife,' and I left the house feeling for the first time that the world I lived in was not so profound as I had imagined it to be." But he should not have been surprised. Lady Gregory was of the people who said against Moore's suggestion that the Arabian Nights be translated into Gaelic: "Mr. George Moore has selected the Arabian Nights because he wishes an indecent book to be put into the hands of every Irish peasant. We do not take our ideas of love from Mohammedan countries; we are a pure race."

No, Mr. Moore was not the sort of man to be allowed to write his name on Lady Gregory's fan. Too much was known of him. His adventures in love were so much talked of that he could say "To be ridiculous has always been *mon petit luxe*. But," he adds, "can anyone be said to be ridiculous if he know that he is ridiculous? Not very well. It is the pompous that are truly ridiculous." And this suggests the reflection that everything that Moore wrote sprang from the play of his imagination over his own experiences. Every novel is a personal document. The Lake was that lake on which stood Moore Hall, and Ballinacorney that was turned into a monastery. The knowledge of racing and race-betting was his because his father kept a racing-stable and won many a meet: hence "Esther Waters." The public of 1820 liked to think Byron's poems were personal revelations; with greater probability of truth may it be said that Moore's tales and studies are all about himself.

No really fine work is ever done in literature if it is not a record of personal experience. In praising Manet, Moore says "What he said he stated candidly, almost innocently." And further than this an author must not distort or falsify his material through timidity or over self-consciousness. "He is discreet, therefore not a man of letters" cannot be said of Moore. And yet he is modest. "My father used to say 'George is a chrysalis out of which a moth or a butterfly may come.' Now, which am I? Would father have been able to tell if he had lived? Can anybody tell me? But why should I want anybody to tell me? I am a reasonable



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being, and I should know whether I am moth or butterfly. But I don't. Every man has asked himself if he is moth or butterfly and receiving no answer, he begins to wonder at the silence that has so suddenly gathered around him."

This quotation should counterbalance the self-praise that may seem discoverable in the first passage I cited. Partly because he is so innocent, partly because he is his own most interesting subject, Moore is never objectionably egotistical.

Next week I shall speak of Moore's relation to the Irish literary movement. ("Hail and Farewell: Ave; Salve, Vale." By George Moore. Heinemann.)

C. K. J.

"A Girl's Marriage"

Saccharine romance, wending its sticky, sweetly sentimental way through the byways of Ireland and England, and now and then shifting to the hurrying hustle of London, with the suggestive title of "A Girl's Marriage," is Agnes Gordon Lennox's contribution to the archives of fiction. Save for the touch of modernity, Mary J. Holmes might well have written "A Girl's Marriage." It is reminiscent of a thousand tales of the nymph-like young maiden who has so often confronted the conditions of married life in woful ignorance. In this case, the heroine's husband fortunately breaks his fat neck before they have been married long. Then she weds a perfectly nice young man who adores her, and lives blissfully with him as "brother and sister," until one bright day she finds she loves him; and probably after that there are half a dozen rosy-cheeked children, and Fay, the heroine, becomes a nice, fat, blowsy-cheeked matron. It is all very commonplace, with an attempt to clothe it in the glamour of romance, with now and then a crudely laborious effort to wax daring. ("A Girl's Marriage." By Agnes Gordon Lennox. John Lane Company.)

"Curing Christopher"

If all young husbands who stray down the pleasant primrose path that stretches so invitingly away from the path of marital virtue, were to undergo the vicissitudes of Mrs. Horace Tremlett's hero in "Curing Christopher," one straying would be enough to suffice for a lifetime. For Christopher, left alone while his pretty, sensible little wife takes the kiddies to the seaside, falls a victim to the bright eyes and sophisticated graces of a music hall girl. After she tires of him, Christopher develops a case of hysterical depression that leads his faithful wife to suspect insanity. Kit pays a big price for his defection, and the author relates with a certain satirical humor the nuances of his experiences. There is a rather splenetic attitude toward Christian Science displayed in the book which strikes even the unbeliever as ungracious and merely a vehicle for expressing a personal spite, which is far from interesting to a per-

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user of pages. ("Curing Christopher." By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. John Lane Co.)

Magazines of the Month

In addition to a long list of able editorial comments, covering everything from the Y. M. C. A. to politics, there are a number of special articles in The World's Work for May. George Marvin has "The Greater America," Harriet Chalmers Adams has "Snapshots of Philippine America," Cabot Ward writes of "The Porto Rican Balance Sheet," William Bayard Hale of "Our Moral Empire in America." There are two martial articles, "The Army's Peaceful Triumphs," by Lindley M. Garrison, and "The Navy: A Power for Peace," by Josephus Daniels, as well as Leonard Wood's pertinent "The Army's New and Bigger Job." Burton J. Hendrick writes of "Exploring the Infinitely Little," and David Starr Jordan tells of "What Europe Thinks of Us."

Notes From Bookland

Within two or three weeks E. P. Dutton & Co. will introduce to American readers a young Irishman named Patrick MacGill, who, at 19, as a result of his experiences as a laborer, published a volume with the title, "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook," of which 8,000 copies were sold, himself aiding in its sale by hawking the volumes up and down the railroad at spare moments. The venture led to his being invited to join the staff of the London Daily Express, whither he went three years ago. But Fleet Street was not to his liking. So he left it and busied himself with the writing of a semi-biographical novel called "Children of the Dead End." The book met with instant success. Inside of two weeks 10,000 copies were sold, while the leading London papers gave it lengthy reviews and high praise. It is a story of the life of the navvies, and is said to contain some remarkable depic-

tion of character. The author declares that it is autobiographical only in parts, and denies the reality, at least so far as he himself is concerned, of the love story, but says that many of the characters are true portraits of his fellow-workers. It is this novel that the Duttons will publish in this country.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just brought out a new "Handbook of Photomicrography," by H. Lloyd Hind and W. B. Randles, which deals with the application of photography to the microscope. Apparatus and processes are treated from both a microscopic and photographic point of view. The book includes the photography of minute objects from natural size up to the highest magnifications, stereoscopic photomicrography, cinematomicrography, and color photomicrography. The publishers have been somewhat surprised by the interest in the book shown by brewers, to whom it is of value because of its application of photomicrography to the study of bacteria.

Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan, author of "The Truth About Woman," published last fall, promises a new work to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. the latter part of this month. It is called "The Age of Mother Power," and in it the author presents at length the results of her study of that period in the history of the race when the woman was the dominant partner in marriage. She advances new theories with regard to some of the disputed problems of that period, and studies present questions in the light of historical knowledge.

Mr. Kennerley has just published "Walt Whitman, A Critical Study," by Basil de Selincourt, known as a student and critic of Giotto and William Blake. In dealing with Whitman he considers both the technical side of his work and its human significance. Among the chapters is one devoted to "Whitman and America," another to the problem of "Form," and one to "Style." The same publisher will bring out a new work by Edward Carpenter. It is entitled "Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk."

By those who remember Roger Bacon merely as the conjurer in that old Elizabethan play, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," it may seem odd that the seven hundredth anniversary of his birth, occurring June 10, should be chosen as the occasion for a notable celebration by Oxford University next month. A statue in Bacon's honor is to be erected in the University museum and a fund has been started for the publication of this famous old scientist's works.

The present storm center of fiction in this country is apparently Provincetown, out at the end of Cape Cod, a one-street village of fishing boats and typewriters. Three of this spring's novels—Wilbur Steele's "Storm," Sinclair Lewis' "Our Mr. Wrenn," and Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country"—were written there, while at about the same time Susan Glaspell was working on a new novel and Louis Joseph Vance had just finished "Joan Thursday."

Henry Holt & Co., who are the American publishers of Alexander Nexo's "Pelle, the Conqueror," will bring out a little later the second volume of this novel in trilogy form, which is said to do for the laborer a similar service to that which Rolland has done for the musician in "Jean Christophe." Like that work, each book has a complete interest in itself. The Holts report a second edition of the first volume.

Eden Phillpotts' new novel is announced by the Macmillan Company for early publication. It is entitled "Faith Tresilion," and its scene is laid in a remote village of Cornwall in the early part of the last century.

Duffield & Co. promise for this month a new story by Henry Bordeaux, "La Maison," which Louis Seymour Hough-

ton has translated under the title, "The House." Like his former books, "Footprints Beneath the Snow," "Parting of the Ways," "The Woolen Dress," this novel upholds the importance of the family and the race rather than of the individual.

Putnam's promise a new book by A. C. Benson for spring publication. It is called "Where No Fear Was," and is, though only incidentally so, somewhat autobiographical in its contents. The author draws freely upon the common human experiences for the portrayal and valuation of those many varieties of fear which goad man from infancy to age and traces their influence, whether for good or evil, upon the lives of many famous men and women.

Unique among the many volumes which the last few months have brought out on Panama and the canal will be a volume by Dr. C. L. G. Anderson of Washington, D. C., who was physician to the Isthmian Canal Commission. It is entitled "Old Panama and Castilla del Oro," and deals with the discovery and settlement of that region by the Spaniards. It is published by the Page Company.

Prof. F. L. Sargent of Harvard has prepared a "Handbook of Botany" which Henry Holt & Co. have ready for publication. It supplements his "Plants and Their Uses," published a year ago, which brought the science of botany into line with the modern practical trend of the methods of scientific teaching.

Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite," published seventeen years ago, is honored with a Bengali translation to add to the many languages and dialects in which it is already known. In India it has been put into the Hindu and Urdu. In Germany and the United States, where the demand for it has always been largest, it is now selling more strongly than ever.

"Business—a Profession," by Louis D. Brandeis, will be brought out by Small, Maynard & Co. May 23. It will contain a collection of his most important public addresses, together with other papers, all dealing with one phase or another of the problems of the conduct of business and explaining his methods of solving them.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, wife of the English sociologist, and herself the author of a long list of books, has begun a lecture tour in this country which will take her as far as Chicago. She will speak on "Happiness as an Art," "James Hinton," "Edward Carpenter," and "Olive Schreiner and the Woman Movement."

"The Boy's Camp Book" will be a timely volume from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co. It is by Edward Cave and is a successor to his "Boy Scout's Hike Book." Its aim is to give boys all the information they will need when they go camping, whether in the back yard or in the wilderness, or in intermediate points.

Sixty lyric poems by William Rose Benet will be published by the Yale University Press under the title—suggestive of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven"—"The Falconer of God and Other Poems." Mr. Benet's work as a poet is well known to magazine readers.

Florence Hull Winterburn, whose "Principles of Correct Dress" was published this spring by the Harpers, will bring out through the same house this month a book on "Entertaining." Mrs. Winterburn is a descendant of the Bulwer-Lytton family.

James Francis Dwyer, author of "The Spotted Panther," thinks that Australia, his native land, will henceforth be a victim of "the baseball bug in a bad form now that they have seen the Giants and White Sox in action." Our national game will soon push cricket to the wall, he believes.

One of the plays in the volume by

Lord Dunsany, which Mitchell Kennerley has just added to his Modern Drama Series, was translated into Russian and presented in the theaters of several Russian cities soon after its production in London. It is called "The Golden Doom."

Frederick Palmer's new novel, "The Last Shot," which deals with the preparation for and conduct of a war between two great nations, is receiving English publication, not importation, at the hands of Chapman & Hall, London.

Louis V. Ledoux's masque, "Yzdra," has had successful stage performance. His new volume of poetry, "The Shadow of Aetna," contains another masque, "Persephone," equally suitable for production.

Kathleen Norris, author of "The Treasure," is the wife of Charles G. Norris, brother of Frank Norris, whose posthumous story, "Vandover the Brute," was recently published.

Julie M. Lippman's "Martha By-the-Day" has gone to press for its thirteenth printing, and her later novel, "Making Over Martha," for its fifth.

Charles Rann Kennedy gave a reading of his play, "The Terrible Meek," before the Faculty and students of Vassar College recently.

Diana Watts, author of "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," contends that jiu-jitsu, the Japanese art of self-defense, is of Greek origin.

"Huckleberry Finn" is being set in type for sightless readers at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

021600. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louis Hacker, whose post-office address is Box 1849, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 23rd day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021600, to purchase the S½ SW¼, and W¼ SE¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 13, 1914.

017972. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Frank C. Prescott, Jr., whose post-office address is 442 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017972, to purchase the NE¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

019918. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Laura Gertrude Kincaid, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 4, Box 579, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019918, to purchase the NW¼, SW¼, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 16, 1914.

020719. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Walter Lundley Kinsaid, whose post-office address is Sierra Madre, California, did, on the 27th day of October, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020719, to purchase the E½ NW¼, SW¼ NE¼, NW¼ SE¼, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of July, 1914, at 10:00 a. m., before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 24, 1914.

023018. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that James T. L. Harris, whose post-office address is Westgate, California, did, on the 18th day of March, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 023018, to purchase the SE¼ SW¼, Sec. 19; SW¼ SW¼, Sec. 20; and N½ NW¼, Sec. 29, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at four hundred dollars, the stone at \$200.00, and the land at \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

This week a shadow was thrown across the horizon of the California oil industry by the announcement of a decline of 5 cents in the Standard Oil Company's buying price for light oil, and in view of the fact that the petroleum issues are its chief features, the local market was not without evidence of depressed sentiment. There was, however, no important price recession, but just a tendency toward easiness, following the news, throughout the list.

The drop in the price of oil, although small, is, nevertheless, significant, because it is the first reduction which has been made generally in California—at least, for lighter grades—in several years. It has been foreshadowed, though, of late, by the tremendous excess production. Heavy grades of oil remain fairly steady. If the excess production of light petroleum continues at the present unprecedented rate, there may be a further falling off in the near future, though hardly likely.

The stock market continues unresponsive to news developments, when they occur, whether of a favorable or unfavorable character. The list generally is weaker. Union Oil has receded after its recent show of strength, and is now around \$73. About the only undiscovered fact of importance regarding the deal made public in the circular letters sent out from the office this week, is that the preference shares will participate in the surplus distributed earnings to the extent of 50 per cent. The other half will go to the common stock holders, which will include those who assisted in financing the deal. There is a limit to the earnings of the preference shares in any one year, namely, 10 per cent. If sufficient is earned to pay 10 per cent on the preference shares there will be enough to pay nearly 25 per cent on the ordinary shares, on account of the smaller issue of the latter.

Associated has weakened, and the recent effort to "boost" the stock seems to have lacked decided strength, as well as reason. The low-priced issues have evidenced a little greater firmness at times, but they also felt the depressing influence of the decline in the price of oil. Maricopa Northern has improved slightly, owing to favorable field developments; nevertheless, it does not advance readily.

In the industrial list, Los Angeles Investment has been the only issue which attracted any interest, and that was insignificant. The price is changed only nominally. Among the bank stocks Security Trust and Savings is a shade firmer in the asked price. Of the bonds Union Oil fives are still traded in to a limited extent, but the others are quiet.

Demand for gold from Europe, although so far it has not affected the money market in this country, is likely to do so if exports continue much longer.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Henry C. Frick advises young men to put their savings into the "baby bonds" of sound corporations, not only because their purchase tends to increase one's income but also because the selection of proper investments promotes a study of the broad field of business. In Mr. Frick's opinion, the wide distribution of bonds of small denomination also brings big business into better favor with the public. "If a man stu-

dies the general field of business for a time while putting his surplus into securities of the best class," says Mr. Frick in The Odd Lot Review, "he gradually obtains a broad financial education, which enables him later on to look for his big opportunity with ripe judgment and power of discrimination. The business man who puts some of his money into good stocks and bonds purchases immunity from falling into the ruck of his own working routine. He should have a broad-gauge outlook on affairs. Each saver, no matter how small may be the amount of money he has, when he puts some of it into sound business enterprise, becomes a natural opponent of socialism and confiscatory legislation. He is an asset not only to the individual corporation in which he buys securities, but to all big business. The constructive advantages which must come to all concerned from the progress of the odd lot investment and \$100 bond movements are so great that they are entitled to the helpful assistance of every one who wants to see the United States progress to the plane of development to which its natural resources and the working spirit of the people entitle them."

News of the fall of Tuxpan into the hands of Mexican Constitutionalists has added to the relief that all operators of Mexican oil companies felt when Tampico was captured. The natural deduction to be drawn from the latest achievement of the rebel forces is that the same degree of protection would be given property at Tuxpan as at Tampico. The greater part of the output from Mexican oil fields reaches the coast at these two cities. The protection of the pipe lines is a matter of as great concern to oil interests as the prevention of damage to wells and pumping stations. With the pipe lines in working order and the chances good of their continued protection, many persons interested in the properties believe that it will not be long before shipments of crude oil are undertaken.

It has been suggested that the new refunding mortgage to be executed by the Baltimore & Ohio might be modeled on the new mortgage created by The Central's mortgage contemplates the New York Central system, in that, while nominally limited to a certain large amount, it would not be closed, a total issue of \$500,000,000 of bonds, but additional bonds may be put out under certain conditions. The St. Paul has a somewhat similar blanket mortgage, while the Pennsylvania has obtained the approval of stockholders to the creation of one.

Followers of the Standard Oil shares did not look seriously for any reduction in the quarterly dividends of Standard of New Jersey and Standard of New York, but tension was lifted when it was announced last week that the usual payments of \$5 and \$2, respectively, had been ordered. It was the second quarterly disbursement for the New York company on its capital of \$75,000,000. The lopping off of extra payments and reductions of ordinary quarterly returns have been so numerous among the oil stocks lately that news of dividend action is awaited anxiously on the curb whenever any is due. Standard Oil of New York is reported to be earning a great deal more than the shareholders are receiving,

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but, owing to the company's plans in China, it is expected that the directors will conserve the income. This will not be an unusual procedure for a Standard Oil concern when extension work

Glendale has voted school bonds to the amount of \$87,000.

June 6 has been set as the date on which La Habra will vote on a school bond issue of \$38,000.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW¼, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

021746.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
May 12, 1914.

020374.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lynn H. Case, whose post-office address is 1327 3rd St., Santa Monica, California, did on the 24th day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020374, to purchase the SW¼ SE¼, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provision of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of July, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
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Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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to hobble skirts’ and American ‘hustle,’ but is friendly about it, and his humor is so naive and wholesome that the book is a delight not to be missed—

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—“‘**Bransford in Arcadia**’ by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, author of ‘**Good Men and True**,’ is not especially new, but it is so distinctly worth while, that it should be better known—The characterization is rather masterful, the setting is distinctly colorful, the situations so interesting as to be almost unique, and the tout ensemble so stamped with virility that we are constrained to wonder if the little town of Arcadia and its people are not original conceits—”

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